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Selections.

The Fellowship of Slaveholders Incompatible with a Christian Profession.

From The Liberator.

A GREAT crisis impends. God puts a pregnant and solemn question to the American Church. He demands an immediate and explicit answer. He that has eyes must see the issue between Freedom and Slavery. He that has ears must hear the voice of God calling upon the Church—calling upon you and me—to stand on his side. Have you such faith in him that you are willing to follow him, regardless of consequences? Dare you stand alone, if need be, for the right? Will you side with slavery, or against it? This is a test which no American church-member can evade. You shall encounter this touchstone at every corner. Whoever falls upon it shall be broken; but on whomsoever it may fall, it shall grind him to powder.

It is not my purpose to paint the features of that great crime, which is practically enthroned in our political Constitution, and which, "as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing itself that *it* is God." I have not the ability, had I the disposition, to delineate or compute the wrongs of the slave, multiplied as they are million-fold, and perpetuated through centuries. My business is with those who admit that slavery is a sin, but fellowship the sinner. He who is so stupid as not to be able to discern, by a simple application of the Golden Rule, that slavery is a great crime, may as well read no further. He would seem to be too stupid to be a Christian.

Slavery, then, is confessedly a transgression of God's law. Unlike many other sins, however, it is powerful in State and Church. Those who study, even superficially, its relations are amazed at its multifarious and intricate connections with all our political, religious and social life. It is entwined with every muscle and fibre of the body politic—nay, of the professed visible body of Christ, the organized Church. That religious society which has seriously endeavored to free itself from all complicity with slavery will smile at the question, "What have we to do with this evil?" To dissolve all connection with it—all such connection as can fairly convey the impression that the Church sanctions it—all such connection as gives it aid and comfort, is found to be like the sundering of soul and body. Most of those who have looked deepest into the subject declare the Anti-Slavery cause to be the entering wedge that shall cleave in twain the visible Church. Be it yours and mine to drive that wedge home. Out of agitation will come purity; out of death, life. Paradise lies beyond the grave.

Ask the man who has gone farther than this—who has made it his life-work to weaken and destroy the monster—ask him what he thinks of the connection of the Church with slavery. But I forget. You may not wish to be seen with him. The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. "*Infidel*" may be branded on his brow. "*Fanatic*" is howled in his ears. His good name is blasted. His pathway is through thorns and among pitfalls. He runs a gauntlet through a million lashes, kicks, stings. With a heavy cross and bleeding feet, he is ever toiling up some new Calvary.

There is no help for this. It must needs be that offences come. In this boasted land of light and freedom, and beneath the shadow of its hundred thousand steeples, it is as true as ever it was in Palestine that whosoever will follow our Savior must deny himself, and take up his cross; must be hated of all men for his name's sake; and whosoever would save his life must lose it; and if any man, in comparison, hate not his father and mother and wife and children, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be his disciple. He needs something of that fiery earnestness which characterized the apostle Paul, burning on, indestructible and unquenchable, through the blackest night of malice and the deepest waters of affliction—pouring forth its radiant light to illuminate the dark, and condensing that light into lightning to thunder-blast the wrong! You need not be told, my friend, it is a pretty serious matter to *be* a Christian. To *play* pious is a different thing.

For this reason: Whoever professes to be a Christian, professes to stand on the abstract right. He pledges himself, before angels and men, and in the presence of almighty God, to renounce *all* sin; he surrenders himself unreservedly to the divine will and disposal; he covenants that, whatever he does, he will do all to the divine glory. Between him and *every* form of iniquity there must be an eternal and exterminating war. He is to hate *all* sin, without exception, without evasion, without compromise. Though the sin look fair and beautiful, it makes no difference. He must hate it all. Though the universe combine in support of the wrong, it makes no difference. He is to stand, if need be, alone with God. Though friends vanish, and enemies frown, though property and family and respectability must be surrendered, though a myriad tortures rack his flesh, and the cruelest death impend over him, it makes no difference. Our dear Master walked that path. Earth and hell were leagued to put him down With unfaltering step and unblanched cheek, he trod the wine-press alone. *Alone!* You and I must follow him.

Apply the principle. To human vision, the system of Southern slavery looms up as the most gigantic sin of this nation. The Churches, however, occupy a guilty position in regard to it—a great number directly upholding and justifying it—a still larger number sanctioning and encouraging it by complicity and silence—the remainder condemning it in *words*, but supporting it by *deeds*, inasmuch as they *refuse to treat slaveholding as they treat other sins*, viz.: by renouncing all church association, connection and fellowship with the confirmed slaveholder, and his apologists and justifiers. I repeat it; ninety-nine of every hundred Churches refuse to treat this atrocious sin with as much severity as they treat the most trivial sins. At the communion-table, in the administration of baptism, at ministerial ordinations and installations, in church correspondence, in letters of dismission and recommendation, by the customs and courtesies of the pulpits, in the meetings, the fellowship and the action of great representative religious organizations, both State and national, ninety-nine hundredths of all our Churches uphold, publish, and solemnly authenticate, confirmed slaveholders and their confirmed apologists as Christians "in good and regular standing." For in the creed of every one of these Churches, in one form or another, it is proclaimed that none but true disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ are thus entitled to public recognition openly, by their *acts*, no matter what their language may be, or whether they support and countenance this great enormity. Sinful as this is, they after they have received a knowledge of the truth, they tempt the world to brand them as hypocrites. Holding up by their conduct the idea that Christianity is not inconsistent with this wickedness of oppression, they bring scandal upon the Christian name, and thus crucify the Son of God afresh.

Suppose that our Churches should publicly, on all occasions, treat known thieves, robbers, adulterers, gamblers, or their upholders and apologists, as Christians in good and regular standing. Would you disown and repudiate such a Christianity, or not? Yet this is precisely what the Church has done, only a thousand times worse. "One murder makes a villain; millions, a hero." The slave system steals men, steals infants as soon as they are born. It robs the slave of all his rights. Its central principle is that the slave is not a man, but property. It denies him the right to come and go at will. He is confined to the narrow limits his master may assign, comprising a few rods, or at most a few miles. He is denied the right to make any legal contract, even for earning his own freedom. He is denied the right of free speech, to say nothing of the freedom of the press. He is denied the right to acquire property; for not a slave in the South can be the legal owner of a single cent. He is denied the right to marry; for by the laws of all the slave States, not one of the slaves can have a lawful wife or husband. They live in enforced concubinage. Not a legitimate child is ever born of a slave father or mother. He is denied the right to the society of father or mother, wife or child. Dr. Adams acknowledges that in a slave prayer-meeting he could not explain the "our *Father*" of the Lord's Prayer, to slaves. They know nothing of father or mother. The fifth commandment is annihilated. The family is broken up—worse than annihilated. They have no *home*. The endearments that cluster around that sacred spot, the thousand sweet memories which that word awakens in your heart and mine—what can the homeless slave know of them? He is denied the right of self-defence against violence. If a slave lift his arm against the stripes that tear his flesh, the master may strike him dead, and there is no redress. Christian mother, wife, daughter, the slave woman can be compelled, on penalty of death, if no white witness be present, to submit to the lust of the most beastly monster that ever polluted the earth, and there is no redress. The slave is denied liberty of conscience. The master's will is his conscience. The master is his God. What a God! Corresponding often precisely to our devil. He can have no more character than an ox. He is denied a hearing in any court of justice. His testimony against a white man is forbidden by law. In some States he is denied the right to choose freedom, even if it be conceded by a will; in others, the master is not permitted to emancipate him. He is denied education. It is a State's prison offence to teach him to read the name of God. Even in the Cherokee Churches, sustained by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, slaveholders are members in good standing; though the law, which is one of the very mildest of the kind, reads, "It shall not be lawful for any person or persons whatever to teach any free negro or negroes, not of Cherokee blood, or any slave belonging to any citizen or citizens of the nation, to read or write," under a penalty of $100 to $500, at the "discretion of the court." Some of the most influential men in procuring the passage of such enactments have been members of our Churches in good and regular standing. The slave is denied the right to improve his mind. One of the most alarming evidences of the wickedness of slavery is that it so destroys the slave's manhood, that he is sometimes even *contented* and willing to be reduced to a level with the ox or horse. But why pursue the sickening catalogue further? In the language of the highest (lowest?) judicial tribunal in our country, the black man, whether slave or nominally free, has "no rights that the white man is bound to respect." But perhaps the State, having thus crippled and rendered helpless, both in body and soul, this unfortunate race, is specially tender of them, and does not exact a responsibility disproportioned to their ability. Just the opposite. I have no time to show how unequal and cruel are the penal laws of the slave States. One example may suffice. By the laws of Virginia, sixty-eight crimes are punishable with death if committed by a slave; if by a white free person, only four crimes are punishable with death. Nor have I time to enumerate the evil influences upon the white man—to show how it makes labor dishonorable; makes free schools utterly impossible; makes slaveholders indolent, insolent, tyrannical; tempts them to licentiousness by supplying a race of unprotected females; rewards vice by making offspring follow the condition of the mother, thus offering a premium for unbridled lust; deprives the Northern citizen of all right to speak or print freely, or to travel freely, in the South, if he be a known friend of the black man; imprisons our innocent seamen; sells our citizens for their jail fees; turns us all into bloodhounds to hunt fugitives from bondage, annulling and exactly reversing the higher law of God, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that has escaped from his master unto thee"; corrupts and blunts the moral perception of leading men in the Northern Church, until President Lord, Prof. Stuart, Dr. Adams, and the great majority of Doctors of Divinity, cannot discern its sinfulness; and everywhere excites a cruel prejudice against the colored man, until at least two of the leading churches of Boston will *not* permit a negro to occupy the same floor with the white man at divine worship; thus practically saying they would rather his soul should be forever lost than gain salvation on an equality with themselves.

But why dwell on this point? "Every man knows that slavery is a curse. Whoever denies this, his lips libel his heart. Try him! Clank the chains in his ears, and tell him they are for *him*; give him an hour to prepare his wife and children for a life of slavery; bid him make haste, and get ready their necks for the yoke, and their wrists for the coffle chains; then look at his pale lips and trembling knees, and you have nature's testimony against slavery."

What, then, is the duty of the American Church in regard to slavery? If the incorrigible sheep-stealer be excommunicated, shall the incorrigible man-stealer escape? If those who countenance sheep-stealing be deemed worthy of excision, shall the accessories of man-stealers be authenticated as Christians in good and regular standing? How much, then, is a man better than a sheep?

There is one thing the Church has not yet done—one measure to which it has never resorted. It has never taken the decisive step of excommunicating acknowledged supporters of slavery. It has never cut off all church association, connection and fellowship with those individuals and churches that knowingly and persistently countenance slavery. That is, it has not treated slavery as it professes to treat *all* sin. It has made an exception in favor of the open or silent upholders of slavery—makes especial saints of them. Witness the great Nehemiah Adams.

Now, in the name of eternal justice, and with all the seriousness of one who believes that endless consequences hang on the decision of the present hour, I ask by what right the Church suppresses its condemnation of this vast system of wrong? By what right does she blast with her anathemas the characters of all true Abolitionists? By what right does the professed Church of the living God fold to its bosom in fraternal embrace the man-stealer, or his accomplice in crime? By what right does it turn a deaf ear to the cry of the stolen and helpless African? By what right do you, professing Christian, walk to the communion-table of our dying Lord, arm in arm with one whose every step is on the bondman's soul?

Suppose the fugitive slaves in Canada, being a majority, or the actual slaves of Carolina, being a majority, should enslave the whites there; and, being professing Christians, should desire to be fellowshipped as such! Is there a Church in the North that would not feel insulted and shocked by the proposition? Yet no ingenuity can show that black slavery is any better than white slavery.

What, then, are the alleged reasons for neglecting to dissolve all the religious bonds that connect us with the slaveholder and his open and silent supporters? There are two reasons to which, I believe, all others may be reduced, for I will not answer the *blasphemy* which makes Christ and the Apostles to have countenanced the atrocity.

First, it is asserted that some slaveholders are Christians; that their sin is one of ignorance, and we ought to be charitable towards them. Christian sinners! My charitable evangelical brother, you are not so illiberal as to deny that there are some Christians among Unitarians or Universalists: why not fellowship these? You answer that their doctrines are erroneous. But can any false doctrine be more fundamentally hostile to the spirit and teachings of our Savior, more fatal to our Christianity, than to hold that man may become property, and be rightfully bought and sold like an ox or a sheep? Is it not as bad as a denial of total depravity or endless future punishment? Did God give his only begotten Son to die for furniture or real estate? Did our blessed Redeemer shed his blood for cattle? Can He, in the person of the slave, be sold like a calf in the shambles of oppression? Alas! that there should be any need of asking a professing Christian such a question as that!

You still insist that some slaveholders are Christians; that their sin is of the head, and not of the heart; and that they are entitled to be treated as Christians, in obedience to the dictates of charity. But is it thus you deal with *other* Christians, guilty of the sin of ignorance? Are there not Christians who neglect to comply with the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper? Are there not some who, unconscious of the deep sin they incur, partake too freely of the intoxicating cup? Are there not some who, for a like reason, practise gaming, or habitually frequent theatres? In the name of consistency, how can you refuse to recognise publicly as Christian the character of such sinners, while you at the same time publicly treat the slaveholder, or his abettor, as a true and unblemished disciple? Have you charity for no sinners but slaveholders? What kind of charity is that which accepts the plea of ignorance as a sufficient excuse for the sinful practice of slaveholding, but instantly rejects it as insufficient to excuse the other sinful practices?

The slaveholder's sin that of *ignorance!* How came he so ignorant? Have the thunders of God's word never startled him from his dreams? Has the Christian Church stifled the utterance of Christian truth? Have you neglected to warn him of the frightful danger he incurs of everlasting punishment? Have you been faithless so long? Will you not, then, instantly make amends for your long delay, by warning him now in the most effectual way you possibly can do it, by solemnly withdrawing Christian fellowship from him until he repent? Hasten, Christian, for charity's sake, to undeceive the slaveholder, by letting the light of your stern and solemn condemnation flash upon his sin! It is no kindness, but cruelty, to him to keep calling him your Christian brother. It is not charity, but the exact opposite, to allow him any longer to remain self-deceived as to his true character, conduct and position. He misinterprets your meaning, and is comforted in his sin. "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put light for darkness, and darkness for light; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter." Hear Paul, 2d Thess. 3, 6: "Now we command you, brethren, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that ye *withdraw* yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly."

Perhaps you answer by comparing such radical anti-slavery action to the conduct of the disciples who came to Christ, saying, "Master, we found one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us." To which our Savior answered, "Forbid him not." The case is totally different. I complain of the countenancers of slavery, that they do *not* cast out *the* devil. Sundry little imps, like dancing, horse-racing, gambling, card-playing, they indeed exorcise most vigorously with a zeal worthy of a bigger cause. But the great, fashionable, national, omnipotent devil, the personified "sum of all villanies," is *not cast out at all*, but is coaxed, flattered, taken by the hand, lovingly led to the baptismal font and the communion table, and called a Christian brother! "What fellowship hath Christ with Belial?"

A word more in regard to charity. What kind of charity is that which heeds not the four millions oppressed, while it welcomes the oppressor? which is tender as a girl's heart to the feelings of the tyrant, but deaf as an adder, blind as a Pharisee, heartless as a stone, to the miseries of his victims? For be it remembered, it is the *respectable* sinner that gives most encouragement to sin. It is the *respectable* rumseller that most supports intemperance. It is the *respectable* wine-drinker, theatre-goer, gambler, liar, swearer, whose example is most ruinous. And it is, in a preëminent degree, the professedly *Christian* slaveholder, and the professedly *Christian* apologist, that are most responsible for the continuance and the immense progress of this great wrong. It is the professed *Christian* that gives it character. If *he* countenance it, people think it must be all right. *He* inspires the Legrees with boldness. *He*, and not the profane, not the vulgar, not the brutal task-master, slave-breeder, slave-hunter, gives respectability and assurance to this sin.

In this light, how fearful the mistake of that Christian minister who occupies an equivocal position—facing both ways, execrating the crime, but fellowshipping the impenitent criminal—with one hand dealing heavy blows against the abstract sin, but with the other pointing to the actual sinner, and saying, in actions that speak louder than words, "That man is a true disciple of Christ." Men do not fall into open gulfs, but into covered pits. An acknowledged teacher of Bible truth; his mission to show by precept and example the path to heaven; his lips touched with fire, like Isaiah's, to kindle a flame against all wrong; an almost idolized shepherd, to whom the lambs of the flock turn lovingly for light, and guidance, and spiritual food; an ambassador of Christ, sanctifying the circle in which he moves; standing as an angel by the bed of the sick and the dying, at the marriage and the funeral, at the baptismal altar and the table of our common Lord; kneeling with the penitent and the sorrowing; usually foremost in works of charity; generous, kind-hearted, loved, trusted, implicitly followed as a pillar of cloud and fire through the wilderness of this world; possessed of learning and culture; a pattern man, a model Christian; what a responsibility is his! What a power to lead right! What a power to lead wrong! Where he goes, the multitude think it safe to go. What he does, the multitude think it right to do. Into his pulpit he invites the pastor of a Church that contains slaveholding members in good and regular standing! He even gives money to sustain Churches of slaveholders! Not satisfied with this, he encourages his people to do the same! Or in some other of a hundred ways he publicly recognizes the slaveholder, or the apologist or countenancer of slavery, as a true brother in Christ. All the while, his voice is as thunder against slavery *in the abstract!* Where now are your moral distinctions? Who shall guide me, when sun, moon and stars give a wandering and uncertain light? The moral vision of well-meaning but uninformed church-members is confused, their moral sense is blunted, their moral standard is lowered, their conscience is lulled asleep, in reference to the wickedness of slavery, just in proportion as such a minister stands high in their esteem and confidence. "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

I say it is the professedly *Christian* slaveholder who, by his example, presses, with tightest grip, the throat of the black man. Nay, it is the professedly Christian *Church*, which treats the persistent and wilful apologists for slavery as brethren in good standing, that, by its example, crushes its iron heel deepest into the black man's heart. With pious hands it forges, rivets, twists to the bone, the chain that clamps his body and soul. Lips perfumed with prayers, and honeyed with texts of Scripture, forbid the slave to learn to read the name of Christ! Eyes streaming with philanthropic tears for the benighted heathen in foreign lands cannot see the four million perishing heathen in our own country! Hands locked in the dear fraternal clasp of the slave-monger cannot loose that blessed hold, even for an instant, to try to give the sweets of freedom or the bread of life to the enslaved and starving millions! *Charity* forbids it! They may go to perdition first!

Charity to the *Christian* slaveholder! to the *Christian* countenancer of slavery! If he *be* a Christian, he will cheerfully consent to be excommunicated rather than have Christianity saddled with his sin. The true follower of Christ will not allow, if he can prevent it, that his wickedness should be charged to the account of his Master. His language will be, "Do not sully the white robe of Christianity by making it a cloak for my iniquities. Let no man suppose that my wrong deeds are permitted by the Church. If my equivocal position be a stumbling-block in the path of truth, let me be removed, rather than the right be impeded. If my presence bring scandal upon the Church by reason of my weakness, let me be removed, and the good name of the Church restored." "I could almost wish that I were accursed from Christ, for my brethren and the Church's sake." Romans, ix., 3.

Secondly, it is alleged that to attempt to cut loose from all complicity with slavery, would involve awful consequences; it would carry us we know not where; perhaps outside of all religious organizations—perhaps, out of our Churches; it would associate us with Abolitionists and fanatics, "publicans and sinners"; it would tend to Garrisonianism and "infidelity"; it would shiver the Church; destroy our influence; subject us to ridicule, contempt and enmity; and, after all, we might not succeed in getting entirely free from the sin—&c., &c. To all such argument, there is one short and decisive answer. What business have you to look at a question of duty in the light of mere *expediency?* Here is a sin to be repented of and renounced. "*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation." Your work is to follow Christ, no matter where he leads you. "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Here is a plain, moral obligation resting upon you: how dare you hesitate, or reckon the consequences? When you gave yourself up to God, was it with a stipulation that you should serve him only so far as it might be easy and safe? or had you a prior contract with the devil, which you did not cancel? Away with such a time-serving, eye-serving, sneaking, whimpering Christianity! Listen to the Great Teacher: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." And again: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me; and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

Do you answer that the Church, as it is, must be regarded as, on the whole, a great instrumentality for good, though she may come far short of her duty in this matter? Do you say that therefore you would do better to support it just as it is than make a great outcry and agitation, and so run the risk of breaking it in pieces? Do you affirm that the Church as it is enjoys manifest tokens of the divine favor, increasing in numbers and wealth and influence? Be not deceived. Such are not the tokens of God's blessing which our Savior enumerates. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you falsely for my sake." "*Woe* unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did your fathers of the *false* prophets." So it must be in a corrupt age like this. I do not say that the Church is not, on the whole, a blessing. Possibly, Mahometanism, Mormonism or Paganism is better than no religion. Possibly, God over-ruling the wickedness, many sinners may be converted under an apostate ministry. But the chances are that a corrupt tree will hardly bring forth good fruit. Christ told the Pharisees that they made their proselytes two-fold more the children of hell than themselves. A corrupt Church may seem to be accomplishing much for him, prophesying in his name, and in his name casting out devils, and in his name doing many wonderful works; but at the last there comes the terrible "I never knew you! Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity!"

However glorious the American Church may have been in past generations, its present position must be judged by the light of this. A great conflict has arisen between true Christianity and the mightiest of despotisms. For more than a quarter of a century, the Church has been implored to throw her enormous weight into the scale, and decide the struggle in favor of the right. Rev. Albert Barnes has said that there is no power outside of the Church that could sustain slavery an hour were it not supported in the Church. But where does it stand? What position does the professed living, visible body of Christ occupy in this contest? Behind Russia, behind piratical Algiers, behind despotic Austria, thirty years behind those whom it stigmatizes as "infidels!" *Behind* them? It is opposed to them. It is in fellowship with the man-stealer, and with those who countenance man-stealing.

By its professions, it would lead the gathering hosts in this great battle against oppression. It remains to be seen whether it will *at last* wheel into line. Its position is watched with intense interest; for if it side against Christ, it cannot consistently rebuke *any* sin. False, shrinking, time-serving, pusillanimous, double-dealing in regard to the "*sum of all villanies*," can such a Church have the impudence to rebuke *smaller* offences? With the enormous beam of slavery, projecting visibly from its own eye, will it dare to profess to see motes in the visual organs of other sinners? Swallowing this huge camel without a sign of choking, will it strain out the little gnats that come in its way? I have heard the triumphant and scornful laugh of a Mormon, as he bade the evangelical Christian look in a mirror, and see the lineaments of a Pharisee who countenanced the traffic in human bodies and souls. Shall the Church—the bride of Christ—thus muzzle her own lips? Then, hereafter, when lesser sins fling defiance in her teeth—when swindlers and blasphemers knock at her doors for admission—when bloody hands demand the communion bread, and lying lips claim the consecrated wine—when lust and shame and violence present themselves at her altar for solemn baptism—when heathen polygamy, or caste, or licentiousness, or idolatry, or any crime, flaunts its banners in her face—let her be *dumb* as she is *now*. Or if she dare utter a word of remonstrance, let her expect the stinging rebuke, "Hypocrite! countenancing this million-fold robbery, concubinage, dethronement of God! look HOME!" "Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost *thou* steal? Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost *thou* commit adultery? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost *thou* commit sacrilege? Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonorest *thou* God?"

A very pious and prominent deacon of one of our most influential Churches told me he regretted this anti-slavery agitation in the Church, because it was impossible as yet to come anywhere near the Christian standard, and we must tolerate many sins. It was enough, he said, that when we joined the Church, we thereby professed a hostility to all sin. Great imperfections existed, but he thought it better to go on with the good work of saving souls than to disturb the quiet of the Church by introducing an agitation that might excite angry feelings. As to his first point, that we must overlook many sins because our Christian attainments are so low, and the Church is well-nigh dead in trespasses and sins, it only shows more clearly the need of instant action. As to the second, that we did our duty in this matter when we joined the Church, it is unworthy of the deacon; for it is the argument of those who are wilfully ignorant, superlatively lazy, and grossly self-deceived in regard to the effect of uniting with the Church.

"They hear not—see not—know not; for their eyes
Are covered with thick mists—they *will* not see."

As to the third argument, that we must have peace in order to save souls, the Scripture doctrine is, "*first pure; then peaceable.*" When the Church is deeply guilty, it cannot have peace. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." To a corrupt people, Christ ever says, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am not come to send peace, but a sword." Peace in a degenerate and wicked Church! It is the stupor of a fainting man, already in the embrace of death. The more vital religion it has, the greater the agitation will be. Saving souls! The stagnant waters of this Bethesda must be *troubled*, before they can have a healing power.

Do you ask, "Where ought the line to be drawn which is to exclude the guilty favorers of slavery? If it is a slaveholder, and B admits him to his Church as a true Christian, and C fellowships B, and D fellowships C, and so on, where must the line of excommunication be drawn?" Answer: Each case must be judged in the light of its own circumstances. Substitute for the word slaveholder, the word murderer, pirate, burglar, or adulterer, and deal with slavery as with any other great crime. For, in view of the fact that this huge diabolism is making more havoc of Christian character than any other, in view of the fact that full half the visible Church in our land is enlisted in its active support, that more than anything else it is bringing scandal upon religion, and multiplying infidels and atheists in the Church and out of it—surely it ought not to be treated with any ordinary severity.

You ask, "*What can I do?*" You can protest against this cruelty to Christ's little ones, in public and in private. You can investigate and diffuse anti-slavery truth. You can repudiate pro-slavery publications. You can rebuke those who shrink from the practical application of anti-slavery preaching. You can encourage the despised and persecuted friends of the slave. You can reform or renounce a pro-slavery Church, and join or help form a true Church. You can pray and labor for the bondmen.

You dare not do this plain duty, for fear it will rend the Church? Who made you controller of the destinies of God's Church? How dare you, like Uzzah, stretch forth your hand to steady the ark of God? The principle on which you refuse to expel slavery, for fear of disturbance, would make—is making—the Church a sink of pollution. No, the devil must be cast out; the "dumb and deaf spirit" that sanctions the devil must also be cast out, though it cost foaming, convulsions, agonies.

You want peace in the Church, and so you will quietly tolerate slavery, and trust to the simple gospel to eradicate this evil in God's good time? Have forty years of toleration begun to eradicate it among the Cherokees? Have two hundred years of toleration begun to eradicate it in the Southern States? Peace with slavery in the Church will be fatal. The Church will go down, and ought to go down, if it persist in hugging this sin. What brave, generous youth will join a Church like that? The work has already commenced. It is a fearfully significant fact that the very words "Christian" and "infidel" have almost exchanged meanings. How many a thinking man would rather be known as an infidel philanthropist than a Christian slaveholder! What a satire in the popular lines,

"Man is more than constitutions; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State, while we're doubly false to God."

In conclusion, Christian brother, study this subject. You have no right to be ignorant of duty. The sin of ignorance is one of the crying sins of the American church-member. Follow the right as fast and as far as you see it, *regardless of consequences.* Every man who, by any act or omission of his, allows the inference to be drawn that he recognizes the slaveholder, or the wilful apologist for slavery, as a true Christian, stands on the platform that is crushing the helpless bondman down to ruin here and hereafter. No matter what the intention; no matter what the language. Good wishes, brave words, cannot offset the fact that his foot is on the bondman's neck—his weight is grinding him in the dust. In God's name, *stand off from your fallen brother!* Lift him up if you can. But if you cannot do that, see to it at least that you add not a feather's weight to his chain, lest his blood forever stain your soul. Thunder in the ears of a deaf Church and a dumb ministry their duty to the enslaved. Bear them in the arms of your faith and love to the dear God who made us all. And thou, blessed Savior, our elder brother, Son of God, Son of man, with thy mysterious nature keenly sensitive to every pang the humblest feels, help us to hear and heed thy voice, saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE FACE THAT WAS NOT PRESENT.

[Extract of a Sermon on "Theodore Parker and his Theology," preached in Boston, Sept. 25th, by Rev JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association and Pastor of the Church of the Disciples.]

I READ, the other day, in Lord Bacon, this sentence: "Learned men who are not before the eyes of mankind are like the images of Cassius and Brutus, of which, they not being represented at the funeral of Junior, Tacitus says, they were all the more conspicuous because they were *not* there." We have recently had, in this city, two funerals. Our Brutus and our Cassius were not there. The first lasted two days, during which the city was moved by funeral processions, funeral orations, funeral addresses, funeral speeches, the tolling of bells, and the firing of cannon, in honor of one of our eminent lawyers—a man of great intellectual gifts, certainly, in his profession, and in private life, it is said, a warm friend and an affectionate parent. But that which the public knew of him, that for which the public honor him, was not this, but that he was a great and unscrupulous advocate—a man with marvellous power to "make the worse appear the better reason"—a man who had devoted the fine gift of intellect, through long years, to confusing juries, puzzling judges, making black seem white, and white black. But the city of Boston paid such honors to him for this—for simple intellect and for simple power of speech—as it ought to have reserved for its Franklin and Washington; and our judges and magistrates and great men went from Faneuil Hall to Essex Street Church to hear a letter read which he had written to his pastor, "accompanying a volume of poems, in royal octavo edition, as a votive offering on the birth of a child"! It seems to me that the effect on the community is a demoralizing one, when we say, with all the weight of this authority, to our young men—"Take this man as your model! Be, like him, brilliant and successful! Do not make it your object to pursue the flying footsteps of truth, but make it your object to win the cause, to dazzle with words, to confuse with sophisms, for this is the ideal standard of greatness in the city or Boston, in the middle of the nineteenth century after the coming of Jesus Christ!" So, when I gazed on that procession, and when I looked over the pages of that tinsel rhetoric, I saw a face that was not present, and I heard a silent voice—the face of our Boston Socrates, going up and down the city, to search out its shams and expose them; the voice, always a terror to despots and to sophists. He was all the more conspicuous because he was not there. We wanted him; we felt our need of him then. And so with that other funeral solemnity, the inauguration of the statue of Webster; we wanted him then. The majestic understanding of Webster, we are all willing to acknowledge; but we know it was not associated with a moral character corresponding to it. We know that he did not, at his departure, represent the deepest and highest convictions of the people of Massachusetts. On the 7th of March, 1850, he became "the lost leader" of the Bay State; he became an apostate from the principles which the people of Massachusetts, by immense majorities, steadily declared that they cherish still. If those principles are true, then they are vital truth, and the politicians who profess to hold them, and yet care so little for them that they are willing to place in the public ground of the State the statue of a man who did more than any other to overthrow them, will find that there is also danger of their becoming "the lost leaders" of the State of Massachusetts. At such times as these, we shall continually feel the need and mourn the loss of Theodore Parker; and at such times as these, in the midst of such ovations as these, our Brutus and our Cassius—our Theodore Parker and our Charles Sumner—"are all the more conspicuous because they are *not* here."

AUTHORITY AND DISCIPLINE

OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AGAINST MEMBERS WHO ACT IN COMPLICITY WITH MEN-STEALERS; ILLUSTRATED BY THE CHURCH IN ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

WE rejoice in the passage of the following resolution by the Congregational Association of the State of New York at its recent gathering:

Resolved, That the holding of human beings as property is an immorality, the renunciation of which ought to be made a condition of membership in the Christian Church, and that this sin is one against which the Law of God and the Gospel of Christ ought to be proclaimed, in preaching, persistently, until the iniquity be overthrown.

This is a step progressive in the right way. If Mr. Barnes's opinion is grounded in truth, that the great bulwark of American slavery is its sanction by the Church, then it is the duty of the Church to disavow such sanction, to disconnect itself from those who are guilty of such sanction, and to apply the law of God and the discipline of Christ in condemnation and exclusion of slavery and slaveholders. It is also the duty of the Church, if slavery be the crime and guilt it is charged as being in the Word of God, to apply the same discipline in rebuke and exclusion of all those who undertake to execute the law of slaveholding, and who, under pretence of law, assist in bringing any of their fellow-creatures into bondage, or in giving them up as property, as chattels, into the power of the slaveholder, or in fastening the chains of slavery upon them. All such persons are accessories to the guilt and crime of man-stealing, and as such should be excluded from the Church.

We rejoice that one Church of Christ in this country has not failed to carry out these principles, and to apply the word and the discipline of Christ to the offender in that sin, without regard to the unrighteous law protecting him, and fearless as to the reproaches of men for such strict and dauntless rectitude. If the Churches would unite in the application of the divine work and discipline of this iniquity, and so the sinners under it, the power of slavery would be broken, and it would be abolished in ten years.

We refer to the noble stand taken by the Church of Christ in Zanesville, Ohio, in dealing with an offending member and officer of that Church for the sin of aiding and abetting in the delivery of an oppressed fellow-being into slavery. He did this by virtue of being the United States Deputy-Marshal, bringing in his office under Government as an apology, excuse and justification for his violation of the law of God. He averred that his allegiance to a human government required him to do an act of inhumanity and injustice, forbidden by the divine government, condemned in God's Word, and inconsistent with his allegiance to Christ, his obligation as a Christian. The Church, knowing that he could not serve both God and Mammon, having Christ's own authority, that he must either hold to the one and despise the other, or at any rate be shut out from the kingdom of heaven, gave him his choice either to quit the office of a deacon in the Christian Church or that of slave-hunting in the political Church. They did not excommunicate him without the enjoined and proper steps previously taken, and earnest efforts to bring him to repentance, and persuade him of his own accord to remove the disgrace he had brought upon the Church by his conduct. They proceeded with caution, forbearance and wisdom, but with dignity and firmness. He defied the Church, justified his slave-hunting employment and alacrity, and refused to make any acknowledgment of sin or any profession of repentance. Under these circumstances the Church were compelled to finish the work which Christ had appointed them to do. They would have been unfaithful to Christ, and a disgrace to themselves and to his cause, had they not proceeded to excommunicate him.

But for this act they have brought upon themselves, not only the enmity and reproaches of an intensely pro-slavery community, but also "the hard knocks of our unscrupulous demagogues, and timid, time-serving ministers and church-members." The offending deacon, Mr. E. T. Cox, rejoicing in the dignity of U. S. Deputy-Marshal, and resolved to obey man rather than God, and to continue in his slave-catching occupation, whenever called upon for the hunting and delivery into bondage of any creature whom God had forbidden him so to persecute and oppress, and being on account of such immorality ignominiously expelled the Christian Church, became in consequence a popular candidate for a more respectable government post. The Democracy of the county nominated him for the office of County Treasurer, and of course would avail themselves of the action of the Church to promote his election, representing him as the victim of ecclesiastical tyranny.

The firmness of the Church in this business for Christ is worthy of all commendation. At the time when the poor fugitive Jackson was kidnapped, the Church themselves were not aware that they were so distinguished as to have among them a Deputy U. S. Marshal in the person of one of their deacons. The Sabbath previous to the kidnapping violence was the communion Sabbath, when the deacon ministered the emblems of the body and blood of the Savior of sinners, and the very next morning, to the astonishment of the members of the Church, he was discovered in the work of a malignant deaconship under the Slave Power, hunting down a poor trembling fugitive, to consign him to perpetual bondage. The brethren immediately met to inquire what could be done, and what it was their duty to do. The necessary conferences with the slave-hunting deacon were entered into, and a committee of three was raised at length to inquire whether it might not be consistent with his views of duty and obligations as a Christian to retire from his political sphere, and relinquish an office requiring the performance of duties so objectionable, so inhuman, so utterly at variance with the proper character of a member of the Church. Finding no compliance on the part of the deacon, the following resolutions were presented and discussed in a meeting of the Church, and passed with great unanimity, namely:

Whereas circumstances have transpired, within a few days past, in which one of the members of this Church has taken a conspicuous part, and been the instrument of the United States government in returning to perpetual bondage a fellow *man*, contrary to the spirit and teaching of our holy religion, and the express command of God himself, recorded in Deuteronomy xxiii, 15th and 16th verses, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee," etc.; and whereas we believe that when human law conflicts with the divine law, it becomes the duty of Christians to so separate themselves from connection with its execution that they shall not be found among the pursuers of weak and defenceless fugitives; and whereas the law of Christ, "as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," is obligatory upon us, under *all

say it may be all for the best. I, for one, shall wait patiently for the reversal of its decision, as I did for the admission of the Church of St. Philip, where, after eleven years, this Convention placed the seal of its approval upon what for ten years it had shunned as fanaticism.

But believing, as I do, that the rejection of this petition will inevitably arouse agitation, and that year by year you will be called upon, in tones more and more imperative, to confront the question of the slave trade, flourishing under the very shadow of old Trinity, and going forth to desolate Africa and renew the horrors of the middle passage, I ask the Convention to remember, as the laity and the public will remember, that it was not these petitioners, but their opponents in this body, who inaugurated the storm, and who now propose to sow the wind with a moral certainty that they will reap the whirlwind.

On the conclusion of Mr. Jay's remarks, a motion was made to lay the petition on the table, but it was withdrawn on a suggestion that the same end could be answered by a direct vote on the resolution of reference.

The report of *The Tribune* says:

"This petition of Mr. Jay's created quite a sensation in the Convention, and was received with a sound of suppressed laughter, and a slight attempt at hissing. When the question came to a vote, the resolution was rejected by a very decided majority, and only the sacredness of the place kept the applause from breaking forth at this result."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

THE BRAZEN IDOL OF BOSTON.

THE city of Boston, as our readers have been duly informed, has lately done honor to one of its historic personages, by dedicating a public statue to his memory. It waited sixty years for the fame of FRANKLIN to ripen—a fame growing out of the hearts of all the votaries of science and lovers of freedom throughout the world, and blasted by no falsehoods and no treacheries—before the counterfeit presentment of his honorable form was crowned with civic honors in the streets of the city where he was born. It is only seven years since Webster, from his gloomy, sea-side St. Helena at Marshfield, departed from the theatre of his defeat under the shadow of a great shame. And yet,

> "If it were done when it is done, 'twere well
> It were done quickly."

If this generation do not set up the statue of Webster, it is quite certain the next will not.

The chief influence he exerted was the effect of the mesmerism of his magnificent presence upon those who heard him and associated with him. But Death, envious of beauty, cancels this advantage, and Time effaces it from the thought, leaving all men to be judged, in the long run, by character and service. Who cares now to know that Moses was comely from his birth; that Mahomet's radiant countenance enamored women and fascinated men; that Goethe's kingly looks gave a regal weight to all his words? They may not glory now over Paul, whose bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible, nor keep up the derision with which his own age scoffed at Cromwell's warped and warted face. The companions of Webster, who do not analyze their admiration, to see how little of it is due to character, are eager to forestall the slow and sober judgment of the generations, demanding good deeds to decorate good looks, good thoughts to tenant the dreary emptiness of massive brows a soul behind eyes that expresses a soul.

Every one remembers the public disappointment when the now inaugurated statue was first received. The vulgar men of Boston expected to perpetuate in metal that fascination that had disturbed their own propriety. They went with gushing purses to the priestess of Art, and said: "We have lost our great advocate, the man who taught us how to conquer our moral convictions, and led us through the conflict of interest and principle upon the slippery edge of compromise. Give us back his image, that it may look down upon us from the market place and keep us in countenance." Then the priestess of Art said: "I have two materials—*marble* for my saints, my just men, my benefactors; *brass* for my sages, my heroes, my men of might. Choose in which of the two shall I grave your image." The vulgar men answered, "Grave him in *brass*, for he was one of the heroes," and retired to await the completed work. But when it came, back they posted and clamored at the temple gates: "We asked for the statue of our *godlike*, and you send us this ugly idol, black as the negro, whom, under his advice, we hunted down State street, under a guard of bullies, to slavery. Take any other color than this that mocks our prejudice and cruelty." To whom the priestess, contemptuously, from an upper window: "I mould, like God, my deathless souls in black and white; whose lineaments cannot adorn with counterfeit of life the brass or marble, had better swing in red and white and blue, apprentice-painted, on a tavern sign!" To the much-murmuring vulgar people, apprehensive that they have been sold for their money, approach here certain travelled ones, who assure them that statues as black as that may be seen at Rome and Florence. Others report of the ugly coat—

> "I remember
> The first time that Cæsar put it on;
> 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent:
> That day he overcame the [illegible]"

Others still, to the question, "looked he so frowningly?" reply:

> "A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."

So looked he all that season after old Scott at Philadelphia received his nomination. So the much-murmuring vulgar people, who only wish to be assured that they have not been cheated, are appeased, and take home their purchase, discovering how much the Webster charm was a charm of flesh and blood, of voice and mien.

The admiration for Webster's talents will last a little longer, but will hardly be good for a civic statue at the end of fifty years. Otis must have his Massachusetts rebellion, Henry his "*Liberty or Death*," Washington his war of the Revolution. It is not what a man's talents do for himself in gaining the admiration of his time, but what they do for the world, that the world remembers. Webster failed to connect his name with the only political question of his time that concerns the interests of universal humanity and will become historic; or, rather, he connected himself with the wrong side of it. Brave advocate indeed was he of the interests of the poor, who threw down his brief and run-out of court, because the opposite counsel bullied, and the judge was partial, and the witnesses impudent, and the spectators threatened to make a row; worse than that, who took the *promise* of a fee from the opposite side, and appeared for the government, fresh from the consultations wherein the betrayed client had given up to him his confidence! That all this was done with a deal of talent and ability, the men who have suffered so much and still suffer from the treason will be most willing to admit. But for so cheap a commodity as *talent* the world will scarce think worth while to pay in monuments and statues. The men of mere talent are unwilling generally to take their pay in such real estate, but ask for praise and pudding as they go along. Verily they have their reward!

It is, it seems to us, rather early at the feast for this new guest, on such questionable terms with the master, to walk in and take his seat in the highest room. A more honorable guest is bidden, and by and bye the intruder shall begin with shame to take the lowest room. The marble statue of GARRISON shall one day shoulder from its pedestal this sinister image, whose brazen effrontery, looks down upon that centre of Civilization, Philanthropy and Christianity, which, when bullied by slaveholders Webster excused and derided.

Perhaps the eulogy of Mr. Everett upon the character of Webster, accompanying this inauguration, is the most appreciative that has yet been given. Had Mr. Webster at any time embraced a forlorn cause, or thrown himself with all his great powers in the face of a great interest or a great popular prejudice, Mr. Everett would have been sure to overlook it—not deliberately and maliciously, but because from his very nature he would be utterly indifferent to it. The man who could make the character of Washington his elaborate and critical study, and utterly ignore Washington the *radical* and the *rebel*, might relieve that venerable name from his peculiar appreciation and confine himself to men who never shocked the conservative notions of their times by singular opinions or eccentric actions. Happily for the occasion, Webster's life furnished no heroism, which the American Tully needed to *remember to forget*.

The service by which Mr. Webster's admirers claim that he shall be remembered is that "*he expound.d the Constitution.*" What cabalistic interior sense there is in the Constitution, that needs expounding to the lay mind, and whether the dreary platitudes with which he sometimes made drowsy the ears of country Lyceums were instalments of the same, we never found a person that could tell. If Mr. Webster made a discovery, which he meditated embodying in the great work of his life, it never cost him anything but the meditation, and the secret perished with the master, without a hint of it which any disciple can complete.

American politics have produced two great documents—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. The former contains the distinctive principles of the American nationality, the enumeration of the rights of men as men, and to maintain which they form governments or destroy them. The latter is the detail of those political contrivances by which the existing government is maintained and administered. From the nature of the case, it contains no abstract or general principles, but only the expedients by which, not the Republic, but the existing Union, was formed. The Declaration of Independence is the *spirit* of American democracy, the Constitution is its form. It would have been thought that men of large and philosophic mind, devoting themselves to politics as a science, would have directed their studies chiefly to those broad principles which lie behind existing governments, would have criticized the Constitution from the standpoint of the Declaration. Mr. Webster might have found an untrodden field in this direction. Let him *expound* the Declaration of Independence. He never dared to do it, even in the smallest Northern school-house. He supported the policy that consigns this venerable document to the garret as the youthful ebullition of a too enthusiastic national feeling, "glittering generalities of abstract truths," unworthy the serious thought of statesmanship. It follows from this that all our politics are mouldy and dry—the pedant weighing his words, the hoodwinked lawyer groping among his precedents. Political writers in England and France and Italy have an infinitely wider range than ours. Hence all the real contributions to political science have been in monarchical countries, only that our slaveholders have ventured to discuss questions of government, though in the teeth of the civilization of the age, in a range of argument disdaining all allegiance to the letter of the Constitution, and so have maintained an infinite superiority over Northern *Union-savers*, who have not produced, and never will produce, a single book, or tract, or speech, of the slightest scientific value, in the department in which they have labored. Surrendering their minds to the slavery of the letter, our statesmen have deprived the Constitution of that *flexibility* which its framers gave it, and which is so essential to adapt it to the demands of a cultivated people and a progressive age, and have shut it down like a chest of iron upon every abuse and injustice which it had omitted to undo. While our State Constitutions have all been modified, some of them twice, to accommodate them to the expansion of political ideas, the national Constitution, which Gen. Cass proclaimed to be the creation of God, has remained untouched, and will remain so till the inevitable growth which is not permitted to expand it shall break it.

Mr. Webster, within this narrow compass, *expounded the Constitution;* expounded it to betray its weakness, confessed how feeble it was to secure what it was made to secure, "the blessings of liberty to the people and their posterity"! Ten thousand poor men, living under the immunities of sovereign States, with democratic governments, came to this great lawyer, and asked if, under the fundamental laws of a Christian Republic, they might not maintain their right to their own bodies and to the society of their wives and children? and Mr. Webster, who would not have despaired of getting off a horse-thief, caught in the fact, from the penalty of State's prison, shook his gloomy brow, and answered, "*No, it is not so nominated in the bond.*" All the charity, all the hospitality of a Christian community, eager to show towards Christ's brethren in prison the love they bore to him, besieged Mr. Webster's office and asked him, "Is it *constitutional* for us to soil our souls with this meanness?" and got for answer, "*Yes!* CONQUER YOUR PREJUDICES! PERFORM YOUR DISAGREEABLE DUTIES!" O lame and impotent exposition! Let such a Daniel come to judgment content himself with the empty praises of the Shylock, whose pound of flesh he awarded, and not ask the Northern merchant, whose bound and impoverished friend he surrendered to the knife, to place a statue to his memory.

Whatever may be said of the Webster statue as a work of art, the setting it up we regard as a poor piece of partisan effrontery and indecency. Let it be taken down and laid away carefully for fifty years more, until the great question betwixt Humanity and the United States government is settled. The question of Mr. Webster's fame is continued to abide judgment in that. Why should his retainers, the Boston men, whose natural *flatness* has been increased, like Mr. Winthrop's, and from the same cause, wish to obtain a *snap judgment* in the case? We understand what is due to necrological proprieties, but we don't like to see a funeral procession swagger. We don't like to be jostled by a coffin. A hearse has nothing more than a reasonable right of way. We resent being elbowed off our own premises by an impertinent and hideous statue. This statue is an impertinence. We care not what official respect facile Mr. Banks may feel himself compelled to exhibit towards it. It was not a pageantry that should have been indecently forced upon this generation. Even Louis Napoleon has abstained from his coronation hitherto, because the glory of Italy and the generosity of the general amnesty had not quite disarmed the hostility of Victor Hugo on the the island of his exile. Why should Webster be crowned when the heart of a great nation has not ceased to throb with indignation at his recent and fatal treason?

PARKER PILLSBURY IN THE FIELD.

OUR correspondent "R." (Marius R. Robinson, late editor of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, and now laboring as an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society in this State) speaks in very high terms of Mr. Pillsbury's recent labors in Ohio, and his report is confirmed by friends from Ohio who heard his addresses. The *Ashtabula (O.) Sentinel* of the 29th ult. says:

"Parker Pillsbury lectured in the Town House of this place, on Thursday evening last. His subject of course was slavery, and he treated it, as the Garrisonians always do—as *the* great evil of the nation, from which it must be delivered or swift destruction will follow. He told some startling truths, and told them with an energy of manner and eloquence peculiarly his own, and with marked effect upon his audience. The people are beginning to see that to prevent the spread of slavery it must be uprooted; and they listen believingly to him who tells them so."

We have heard, through several friends who attended the late "Philanthropic Convention" at Buffalo, that Mr. Pillsbury made a speech of masterly moral and argumentative force on the subject of slavery in that Convention. We are assured that he carried with him the feelings of the whole assembly and won golden opinions from some whose prejudices against him were quite strong. The *Spiritual Telegraph*, in its report of the proceedings, says:

"After a pleasing song by the Troy Harmonists, Parker Pillsbury offered the following as the basis of his opening address of the session:

"'Resolved, That in American chattel slavery we have the sum total of all villainies, the climax of all cursing crime and cruelty—a monstrous development of the capacity of human nature to practise and to endure all the refinement and sublimation of despotism—an assurance of the possibility of total depravity, and all the woes and agonies of the perdition in "Paradise Lost." To avenge its wrongs—wrongs so flagrant, so defiant, that in its code of morals all ordinary rapes, robberies, rapine, adulteries, piracies and murder, such as are commonly produced and punished, should be reckoned gifts and graces worthy of angels and the Spirits of the just made perfect.

"'Resolved, That the African slave trade is already re-enacted in fact if not in form, and the failure of the government to fulfil even its treaty stipulation against it, or to provide any adequate means to arrest it, or to punish it, or to pursue as the law requires, in a single instance, one of the hordes of pirates that so flagrantly and unblushingly carry it on, affords the most indubitable evidence that it is wholly committed to the interests of slavery, and has become one of the bloodiest scourges which afflict mankind.

"'Resolved, That the Underground Railroad to Canada is a work and way of darkness incompatible with our dignity as citizens and our honor and humanity as men, and only to be endured until the mother States enact laws to sanctify their soil against kidnapping and slave-hunting, and to make it as free to the flying fugitive from Southern despotism as it is to Italian, German or Hungarian refugees, who have made it their asylum and home.'

"Mr. Pillsbury's remarks were delivered in a kind and dignified spirit, and were intensely searching and earnest, with less of personal vituperation and more of philosophy and argumentation than we ever heard from the same or, perhaps, any other speaker. We think slaveholders would have listened with interest and profit, and could a man be found to discuss the subject in the same kind yet earnest, searching spirit, we think this difficult subject might be satisfactorily arranged. We should be glad to publish on *both sides* of the question, and to have the people North and South read them. This was probably one of his best efforts for the cause of the slave, and made a deep and good, not ugly impression on the audience."

MEETINGS IN OHIO—UNITED STATES CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 23, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: In addition to the notice you have already given of the annual meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, recently held at Alliance, let me say it was an occasion of much interest and importance. As usual, it was largely attended, especially on the Sunday, when several thousands were present. The testimony of the Society, in its reports, resolutions and speeches, was earnest, thorough and uncompromising, abating no jot of its past fidelity. Besides the Western speakers and old friends directly interested in the cause, Mr. C. H. Langston, one of the Oberlin rescuers, added to the interest by his clear exposure of the utter heartlessness and pro-slavery of the present political organizations, especially the Republican; while Messrs. Pillsbury, Remond and H. C. Wright gave us most valuable aid, as they are able to do, by their great powers, long experience and unswerving fidelity to the cause of the slave. The meeting closed, leaving all its friends in a state of most hearty satisfaction respecting its character and results, notwithstanding a conspiracy against us, which for a time the conspirators thought successful, but of which, I learn, many of them are now heartily ashamed, as they well may be.

It was on this wise. The patriotic Republicans of Alliance resolved to save the Union from the danger to which our meeting exposed it, and accordingly sent to a distance for a young lawyer of some pretensions as a popular orator, to oppose us, taking advantage of our proffered free platform. He came, and, waxing warm in a discussion near the close of the afternoon session of the Sunday meeting, declined to regard the calls to order from the Chair and the assembly, thus mobocratically taking possession of the meeting. In the midst of his harangue, the hour previously fixed for adjournment arrived, when the presiding officer pronounced the meeting adjourned. The violent declamation of the orator continued notwithstanding, till it ceased from actual exhaustion. He, however, suffered himself to be interrupted by one of his fellow-conspirators, to announce that the Town Hall had just been hired for him, the orator, to speak in that evening, and that he would so speak. This hall had been previously engaged for the use of the Society, and an hour before, in this same assembly, a meeting had been announced to be held in it by the Abolitionists. Thus these Republicans not only stole our meeting in the tent, but also our lease of the hall and the evening meeting we had previously appointed there.

Abolitionists are eminent for the practice of the Christian virtues, and so they resolved quietly to submit and see what would come of it. Accordingly, when the hour for the stolen meeting came, it found the President of the Society, with its distinguished speakers and many prominent friends, quietly seated in the assembly as auditors. They waited long. The hall was filled—but no one moved for an organization. An abolition meeting had been stolen, but evidently the rogues did not know what to do with such unusual plunder. They might never have found out had not some three or four Abolitionists, not understanding the state of affairs, and pitying the silent, waiting audience, volunteered a song and two or three short speeches. This at once revived the courage of the conspirators, and gave them "the hang of the meeting," so that they were able to organize, and their orator relieved himself of his speech, amid perfect quiet. A collection was then proposed, to remunerate the champion of the movement, the result of which the chairman announced as exactly forty-five cents!

This grand larceny of two abolition meetings is, I believe, unexampled, except in the annals of the crimes of your own city, where an abolition newspaper and a whole depository of anti-slavery books and tracts were once stolen. I am of opinion that the West would not have been disgraced by this late offence but for the unaccountable neglect of one of your distinguished correspondents—one to whom your readers are under great obligation for reproof, instruction and amusement, but whose remissness in this one particular I cannot on that account forbear to mention. For many years this correspondent was in the salutary habit, at least annually, and often much more frequently, of recalling the recollection of this grand larceny of the newspaper and bookstore of the Abolitionists, and branding it, in his inimitable way, with the odium it deserved. By this means, the country was preserved for many years from witnessing the repetition of any similar crime. But for the last year or two, although he has written frequently, and, as he has often pathetically informed us, in entire lack of material, yet in all this latter time he has never once awakened the popular indignation against this olden crime, or even alluded to its perpetration. Without further allusion, your correspondent will no doubt see the relation between his neglect and this great Western larceny. It is true we regained possession of our stolen Society, but no thanks to your correspondent. He will no doubt see the importance of resuming his neglected duty.

In Salem, after the anniversary, the friends of the slave were greatly edified and strengthened by a series of anti-slavery meetings, attended by Messrs. Pillsbury, Remond and Langston. These meetings were well attended, and the impression they left upon the community was deep, and, I trust, will be abiding, for good. On the last evening, especially, Mr. Pillsbury spoke of the relation of the Church to slavery with a clearness, power and effect I have seldom heard equalled, either by himself or any one else. Messrs. Remond and Langston also attended meetings at Cold Springs, Columbiana and New Brighton. They were well attended and highly successful.

UNITED STATES CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

Last week I left home for labors in Western New York. On my arrival in this city, I found an ecclesiastical Convention in session, claiming the imposing and patriotic style of "The United States Convention of Universalists." I had already learned the true character of United States Congressmen, United States soldiers, United States Commissioners, and United States Marshals, and, prompted by curiosity, I resolved to stay and see what these United States Christians would do. I attended the sessions of their Convention with exemplary regularity, and must say that its spirit and action, in regard to humanity and practical righteousness, was just what would be expected from a Convention assuming such a name. Of course, claiming to represent the religious ideas of the United States, its morality was not above that of slaveholding and slave-trading. For those who practise these patriarchal and patriotic virtues insist upon their right to give tone and character to every institution in which they coöperate, else they pay homage to their self-respect by bestowing their maledictions and leaving the body. A most commendable example of comeouterism, but one which professed anti-slavery men, in Church and State, cannot be persuaded to imitate, and hence the dominance of slaveholding morality in all United States institutions, whether United States Commissioners' Courts or United States Universalists' Conventions.

The negro question, so vexatious to most pious conservatives, gave these United States Christians no trouble whatever. The word *slave* was not once, so far as I heard, named in their sessions, and no one would have dreamed, from any allusion in their prayers, reports, resolutions or addresses, that there was so much as one slave in the universe! Whether this utter silence resulted from ignorance of the existence of slavery, or from utter heartlessness, working itself out in crafty sectarian policy, we can only know from the circumstances. We can hardly believe it was ignorance, as the members of the body looked and talked like intelligent men, who, at least occasionally, read the newspapers. Indeed, the Rev. celebrities of the denomination, from Maine to Iowa, were present, and with them some distinguished laymen, among whom were Judge Galbreath of Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Governor Trask of Massachusetts, and Hon. Israel Washburn of Maine; and these Republican gentlemen were as mum as their clerical associates. We are therefore compelled to think this remarkable silence was the result of forethought—a premeditated plan to avoid an unpopular question. Indeed, the whole action of this United States body was evidently designed to establish the Universalist Church as a respectable sectarian organization.

The early Universalists were remarkable for their liberality, having in many cases no church organization, but only a congregation which owned the meeting-house and paid the preacher. This liberality of organization, and the humanity of their doctrine, which taught that the human family was a brotherhood, with equally regarded claims upon the impartial love of a common Father, rendered them obnoxious to the sectarian bigotry of the orthodox, respectable piety of the country. Their piety was deemed only suitable for the vulgar rabble, and was not to be named even beside the respectable heresy of Unitarianism. The organization was altogether an "unhealthy one," and its members without rights which pious believers in endless torments were bound to respect here, and which saints nor devils, nor God himself, would regard hereafter.

The United States Convention of Universalists has been a careful observer of curfent ecclesiastical history in this country. It has learned that the Churches of respectability and standing ignore justice, humanity and Christianity in the person and cause of the slave, and so it proceeds to seek the like character and standing by the same means, and also by aping orthodoxy in the adoption of a creed and the forms and spirit of the most unrelenting sectism. Such was the sole object about which the Convention at Rochester busied itself. It framed a creed for adoption; recommended the observance of sacred days and sacred forms; told us truth without a formal organization made no converts, and in proof informed us that Jesus made none, not having even converted Peter; that truth needed the spirit and forms of sect to establish and perpetuate it. Absorbed in this work to the last, every question of humanity was thrust aside. We should state, however, that, notwithstanding the jesuitical adroitness with which the four millions of slaves were kept utterly out of view, yet, by the persistency of a layman, the "confounded woman question" did arise to trouble them. But it, too, was finally disposed of without action and without discussion, under pretence of lack of time.

Thus every phase of humanity was utterly excluded from deliberation and action. The Universalists, so far as this body represents them, are henceforth devoted to theology and sect. Of course, then, they are to be numbered among the most thorough and hearty of the slave's enemies. They are thus false to their own professed principles of human brotherhood, and to every work of practical humanity. I may here state, that although the Convention calls itself the *United States* Convention of Universalists, yet, so far as I could learn, there was not one delegate present from the slaveholding States; so that the claim of the body to be called a United States Convention rests solely in its spirit of slaveholding and compromise. These Universalists are very benevolent towards the slave-masters, no doubt sincerely desirous of saving them from the pain of anticipating the torments of a fabulous hell. To consummate this work of salvation, they consent, without remonstrance or protest, to fellowship these slaveholders as Christians, while they are bolding four millions of their fellow-beings in all the actual, untold and unimagined horrors of American slavery. Such is Universalism, as represented by its national, annual ecclesiastical Convention.

When all action, and even discussion, was suppressed in regard to the right of woman to preach, and to be admitted, on terms of equality, into the literary and theological seminaries of the denomination, a member arose and declared that "the Convention had disgraced itself." In this opinion I heartily concur. Yours, R.

CORRUPTION IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Translated for THE STANDARD from the German Pioneer, Boston.

SERVILE spirits in the German press are seeking to prove that there is as much corruption in Europe, and especially in Germany, as in this country. They have, however, in Europe to draw their proofs only from the "highest circles," which the People cannot control, and this circumstance should have immediately deterred them from their comparisons. It is to be considered that for all the corruption that comes to light in this country without being followed by suitable punishment, the people themselves are responsible. Corruption here is to be laid to the account not only of the guilty parties themselves, but, in the first place, to that of the people, who elect these men to office, and, in spite of their enormities, allow them to run for it or even elect them again. The people have here in reality no right to complain of corruption, since they themselves encourage and sanction it. The result, therefore, is, that here the people themselves are corrupt, while in Europe it can only be proved now and then that the oppressors of the people are corrupt. In Europe, as well as in this country, the ruler is corrupt, but in Europe the ruler is a prince, with his assistants; here it is the people, with its demagogues. There corruption is under the protection of force; here it is under the protection of the free will of the people. There the hope yet remains that the people may throw off at the same time with its rulers corruption also; but here, in order to purify itself from corruption, it must itself purify itself at its head and in its members, inwardly as well as outwardly. In Europe, corruption grows out of the want of freedom; in this country, out of freedom. But the worst of the matter is, here the ideas of freedom themselves are corrupt. The disease, which is to be cured, has thus infected the very material for its remedy and is fed by the adulteration of its remedy. By weaving slavery and freedom together here, practical morality has been corrupted to its substance and foundation, and at the same time all political intelligence has been lamed and blunted. If a people has gone so far as to find slavery, the most fearful offence against freedom and justice, not only reconcilable with freedom, but even to accept it as a condition of freedom, and from it to make a doctrine of democracy, what new falsification of thought and morality can still be impossible, what corruption rouse it again to reflection, what public virtue can still be sacred? A people that voluntarily endures and cherishes slavery has the best reason to avoid every comparison with other nations in regard to corruption, for it dwells and feeds at the source of the greatest and most destructive corruption that can be found. Where men are bought and sold like cattle, where fathers guzzle the money which they coin by the sale of their own children, where the highest people's sovereignty manifests itself by burning alive, with cannibal delight, slaves that have been driven to desperation, and where the most celebrated and most popular "statesmen" are those who profess and represent the most doggedly all these barbarous and cannibal doctrines—will men *there* be prudish and moralize and make reflections on corruption at a little bargaining for office, at a little stealing of the people's money, at a little bribery, a little peculation under government contracts, a few scandalous and licentious affairs among officers and representatives of the people? Are such trifles worth mentioning by the side of slavery, with all its horrors and its evil consequences, for which the nation is up in arms, which has a party of its own, that calls itself democratic and openly swings its sceptre over the whole republic?

As long as this republic tolerates a single slave, so long it stands, through corruption, relatively lower than any monarchy, the Chinese not excepted.

That, in spite of all this, a free man would rather live here than in the best monarchy, as long as the possibility is open of combatting corruption, and as long as force cannot rise up as the means of destroying personal freedom, does not change the disgrace and the dangers which slavery, as the chief source of all corruption, brings to the whole country.

THE WISCONSIN RESCUE CASE.

THE reader will see, by the following extract from the Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, that the Supreme Court of Wisconsin is now brought to an open issue with the Supreme Court of the United States, and must take its choice between standing firmly on the ground of State Rights and yielding everything to the mandate of the Slave Power. We await the result with anxiety.

"The Madison *Patriot* of the 22d says that Upham, U. S. District-Attorney, on the morning of that day filed with the Supreme Court of this State the mandate of the U. S. Supreme Court, reversing the decision of the State Court, in the matter of S. M. Booth, held for a violation of the Fugitive law. *The Patriot* adds: 'If our Supreme Court obeys this mandate, Booth, of course, will be returned to the custody of the U. S. Marshal, from which he was discharged by the decision in question. If the Court does not obey this mandate, then it will become the duty of the U. S. authorities to enforce it with all the power belonging to the general government.' 'We have no doubt the mandate will be obeyed,' *The Patriot* concludes To which we add, we have very great doubt whether the mandate will be obeyed. To do it, the Court must reverse the position it solemnly and deliberately assumed; and, although it is another bench substantially, there is no reason to suppose that it will take any such backward step. Whether the U. S. authorities will undertake to enforce it with all the power belonging to the government, we think is also a question. The administration has troubles enough in its war on the popular sentiment of the country, without seeking others with reckless haste. It will not be in a hurry to attempt any such exercise of authority; and by the time it gets ready, it will find itself, as Robespierre did when planning his tyrannies, with its head in a basket. The pro-slavery Democracy will not live long enough in supreme power to carry out their treasonable designs against the sovereignty of a State, the integrity of the Constitution and the peace of the Union. Should they attempt it, it will be like the expiring effort of the Highland chief, when hate and fury ill-supplied the stream of life's exhausted tide, and the blow intended to finish the enemy proved too much, and finished the power striking it."

THE VOICE OF BOSTON'S IDOL.

[The following remarks occurred in a recent anti-slavery speech, at Tremont Temple, Boston, by THEODORE TILTON, of Brooklyn.]

BOSTON forgets her true heroes. She is now worshipping false gods. If I had come a day earlier to your city, I might have beheld the people at their devotions. They met in grand assembly in the yard of the State House to set up their Great Idol—henceforth doubly dear because consecrated by their Great High Priest. Now, what does that statue mean? What is the silent voice of that grim-looking, heavy-eyed man, as he stands on his block of granite, staring with his brazen face at Boston Common? At the very hour when Mr. Everett was preaching his Consecration Sermon, some of his friends were busy at work printing the texts. For, as the golden-speeched orator, in his perambulatory lecture on Washington—which has almost made the bones of the Father of his Country rattle uneasily in their sarcophagus, and still keeps his ghost active and troublesome at Mount Vernon—as Mr. Everett remembered to forget that Washington set free his slaves, so he forgot to remember that Webster made slaves of those who had set free themselves. The applauded orator neglected to tell that the man of bronze, who stood on the stone by his side, was the great Henry the Eighth of the Fugitive Slave law, the Defender of the Faith. So, while the oration was in progress, some of Mr. Everett's friends posted placards on the boards and beams of the platform, and on the walls and fences in the neighborhood, supplying in the form of foot-notes the marvellous omission of the texts. Now I will read the texts. [Taking from his pocket a large poster, and unfolding it to the audience.] Imagine the bronze statue to open its lips, and to repeat text number one—

"My public speeches show my opinion to have been in favor of a proper, efficient and well-guarded law *for the recovery of fugitive slaves.*"

Ah! that is what the statue means! That is the voice of the idol! That is the utterance of this new Memnon! That is what the people of Boston have graven in bronze!

Now listen to text number two—

"The Fugitive Slave law is the law of the land, and, as usual, is to be respected and obeyed by all good citizens."

Ah! that is what the people of Boston have graven in bronze!

Text number three—

"I notice that, in one of the meetings holden lately in the very heart of New England, and said to have been very numerously attended, the members unanimously resolved 'that, as God is our helper, we will not suffer any person charged with being a fugitive from labor to be taken from among us; and to this resolve we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.' These persons do not seem to have been aware that the purpose thus avowed by them is *distinctly treasonable.*"

Think of it! That is what the people of Boston have graven in bronze!

Text number four—

"We call upon Massachusetts to discharge that DUTY [the catching of fugitives slaves] as an affair of HIGH MORALS AND HIGH PRINCIPLES. The question now is, whether she will conquer her PREJUDICES! Any man can perform an agreeable duty; it is not every man who can perform a disagreeable duty."

That is the meaning of the new statue! That is what the people of Boston have graven in bronze!

Some time ago—yes, so long ago as the cold weather of Christmas—which is the slave's holiday, when the happy festival comes round when he is to be bought and sold—a poor slave-woman attempted, by the aid of her husband, who was a free man, to escape from bondage with her two little children, and to cross Chesapeake Bay in an open boat. Shortly after they set sail, a violent north-west wind forced them to go ashore at Annapolis. The little weather-beaten party having a suspicious look, a project was immediately set on foot to arrest and throw them into jail. The husband's sagacious eye was keen enough to see the trap before he fell into it. He hurried his wife and children into the boat, and, notwithstanding the weather, embarked. The storm and cold increased, and their fear increased with it. They trembled at the thought of landing a second time on an inhospitable shore. The man—who was a boat-builder by trade, and of some skill as a sailor—trimmed his sails to keep the boat at sea. The water dashed over the bow, and the mother hugged her infant to her breast to keep life in its body. But life could not be kept there long. Little by little the cold crept through the limbs of the babe, and chilled its blood. The mother looked at her infant as it lay still in her arms. The poor woman shed her tears upon the little face, but they were shed in vain. The child was dead—dead from the cold! She hugged it close to her bosom all day long, but at night her husband lifted it over the side of the boat, and dropped it with sad burial into the sea! Oh! that winter night, and that aching heart! There was one child left; and the mother, after much suffering by sea and land, and after many weary foot-journeys in the night, reached the border line of a free State—carrying in her arms the burden of the living child, and carrying in her heart the greater burden of the dead. She was then met by some strangers who proved to be friends, and who aided her on her way to Canada! Now, this is a story that should tingle the ears even of a man of bronze; but what would the man of bronze have said to it? What if this poor woman, instead of meeting a few Quakers in Pennsylvania, had chanced to have fallen in the way of the great man of Massachusetts, whose image has been set up in the State House yard? What would the great man have done? Why, he might perhaps have been a little touched with natural sympathy, but, as the first step, he would of course immediately have "*conquered his prejudices.*" Then, next, he would have "*discharged that duty*"—the catching of the fugitive slave—"*as an affair of high morals and high principles.*" Then, next, in regular order, he would have turned around, and have said with a complacent smile—"*Any man can perform an agreeable duty; it is not every man who can perform a disagreeable duty.*" Then—well, what then? Why, nothing would then have remained for the great man of Massachusetts but to lift up his magnificent head, and to hold it still, until, like his heart, it should become petrified into bronze! And there to-day stands the image in the State House yard!—in honor of the man who stood up in his place in the Senate of the United States and recommended to Massachusetts that she should catch and return every trembling fugitive slave who, faint and pursued, should come to seek the shelter of the shadow of Bunker Hill!—the man who, in the full maturity of his powers, surrendered the high moral principles which had been the honor of his manhood, and his only claim to the confidence of Massachusetts—with the deliberate aim of securing, even at such a cost, the place and chair of the head of the country which he too eagerly hoped would be given to him by the Slave Power in reward for his recreancy to the cause of freedom, and his denial of the rights of men!

If Massachusetts had wished to grace her State House ground with a historic memory, she might better have taken one of the heroic fathers of the Revolution than one of her degenerate sons! If she was willing to go back a hundred years—as she has gone back five hundred, to the age of brass—there was James Otis—the man who, instead of striking down liberty, was struck down for it—the first Charles Sumner, and the second is like unto the first! But no! Boston erects a small statue to Otis in the cemetery of Mount Auburn, and a great statue to Webster in the yard of the State House! What does it all mean? It means that she enshrines the memory of her true son among the dead, and the memory of her prodigal among the living!

I understand that petitions are in circulation in every part of the State for the peaceable removal of the bronze statue. The reproach of its erection can be wiped away only by the promptness of its removal. If Webster has dishonored Massachusetts, Massachusetts now dishonors herself in honoring him!

I do not mean to say that a statue of Daniel Webster shall have no place or pedestal in the wide world. But a statue of a legislative man, erected on the grounds of a legislative hall, is a statue to his legislative memory. It is not as the orator, or the lawyer, but as the statesman, that Daniel Webster stands in the shadow of the State House dome; and as a statesman, inasmuch as he dishonored the State, he has no place before the State House steps! This petition for removal, whether granted or not, affords the most significant rebuke which the people could give to the treachery and recreancy of an ambitious statesman, who, for the sake of his own advancement to power, betrayed the cause of justice and freedom, and attempted to elevate himself by treading under his feet his fellow-men, who were equally with himself the children of God! Let every citizen who has a high and noble love of liberty sign the petition; let the statue be taken quietly down; and let the buried honor of the Commonwealth arise from under it!

GOOD NEWS FROM MAINE.

THE LABORS OF MISS SALLIE HOLLEY.

ELLSWORTH, Me., Sept., 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

WE wish to express our gratitude to the Anti-Slavery Society for the visit of their faithful advocate of freedom, Miss Sallie Holley, who lectured in Ellsworth on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, Sept. 11th.

Few lecturers have been better received among us, or have left behind them so much kindly sympathy for themselves, and for the cause they came to advocate. There was but one voice among the many who went to hear this lady speak, and that was a voice of friendship and encouragement. One of our most respectable citizens invited the lecturer and her companion—Miss Putnam—to stop at his house during their stay in Ellsworth; the Methodist minister gave the use of the hall in which he preaches; and, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather, every seat was filled. Quite as much, we believe, is due to the manner in which the subject was presented as to the subject itself. While the sterner denunciators of slavery cry aloud and spare not, attacking the transgressor

> "With the whole tree of knowledge torn up by the roots,"

this gentle woman speaks to the heart, and the ice that was only hardened by the blasts of reproach and reason melts at her tender appeal.

We would not underrate justice unadorned, nor deny that light often reaches the heart through a broken skull; still, it is undoubtedly true that conversions as well as perversions begin in the heart rather than the head, and that it is wiser to strike at the root of an evil than at its summit. Indeed, we have always believed that the wonder-working rod of Moses had a blossom upon it, and that it did not smite the rock and the sea, but only touched them with a fragrant lip. So, many a heart that would have remained cold to the clearest logic, and closed against whole parterres of rhetoric, opened and melted at the touching "Remember me when it is well with thee" of those "four millions of Josephs" speaking by the lips of a noble and tender woman. M. A. T.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PERRY, Me., Sept., 25th, 1859.

DEAR SIR: This one of the *Perrys* is a town of wide territorial extent, with a scattered population of about fifteen hundred. It is situated on the St. Andrew's Bay, which is the northern ar

ANTI-SLAVERY ON LONG ISLAND.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

You will be glad to know that, during a recent anti-slavery visit upon Long Island, I had an interesting and, on the whole, very successful series of meetings. My first interview with the people was at Westbury, where live our excellent friends, JOSEPH and MARY POST. To them I am also largely indebted for good meetings in other towns, adjacent to their own—at Jericho, Glen Cove and Jerusalem.

I am gratified, especially, with the thoughtful and, to a great extent, cordial response given to the claims of our Petition for No More Slave-Hunting. In most instances, the Petition has been readily signed by a majority of the persons in attendance at the meetings, and volunteer canvassers have taken copies for circulation in their respective towns. The constitutional objection is not unfrequently raised, but generally yields, except with persons who are either in office or who are looking anxiously in the direction of political promotion.

Jericho is, as you may know, the town in which ELIAS HICKS formerly resided. It was of the Jericho Friends' Meeting that he was a member, and a justly distinguished minister. The contrast between the meeting as it was under his ministrations—large and flourishing—and as it now is very great. He was a man, if not faultless, thoughtful and earnest, and a conscientious opponent of slavery. The meeting-house remains much as he left it; but the people—where are they? I attended, while at Jericho, their regular meeting for worship, and, being "moved" to speak, uttered a few thoughts, suggested by the occasion. The day was stormy, and a few were absent who usually attend. Aside from the friends who accompanied me, there were present two women and eight men. At the close of the meeting, our friends asked permission to use the meeting-house for our evening anti-slavery meeting, to plead the cause of the oppressed. Several Friends had no objection "individually," but collectively the Monthly Meeting had decided not to open the meeting-houses for anti-slavery meetings! To this authority the Friends yielded assent; and, thus turned aside, we met in the evening in a neighboring school-room, had a good meeting, and among those in attendance was a daughter of Elias Hicks, who expressed a cordial interest in the meeting and became a subscriber to THE STANDARD.

At Huntington, I had a very good hearing from the pulpit of Rev. H. P. CROZIER, who has there a liberal congregation, composed of Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, Quakers, &c. Mr. C. is an earnest, devoted man, and is doing a good work in that community.

Few anti-slavery meetings have been held upon the Island; thorough-going anti slavery papers are scarcely known; but there is a dawning of light, a willingness to hear, and a thoughtful attention among the people I have met, more encouraging than I had anticipated.

I am much indebted to friends in the several towns visited for their kindness and hospitality, and especially to JOSEPH POST and his family, who are among the most devoted and faithful of the friends of the slave. A. M. P.

Oct. 4, 1859.

ANOTHER VOTE AT SALEM STREET CHURCH.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 3, 1859.

IN accordance with notice previously given, Mr. H. B. Sprague moved, at the regular business meeting of the Salem Street Church, on Friday evening last, that the next monthly collection for the A. B. C. F. M. (occurring in order on Sunday, Oct. 2) be omitted. And, after an earnest and interesting discussion, characterized by ability and soundness on one side and twaddle on the other, the vote passed by 14 in favor to 11 against.

And now the Church waits, ostensibly, to know the action of the Board at its Annual Meeting at Philadelphia this week, to learn whether it ought to continue its collections hereafter.

Mr. Richardson, the pastor, goes on to the meeting, to aid in bringing them to the right position on the slavery question, which he asserts they are sure to assume.

J. A. H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORD: A Discourse, delivered at the opening of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod, in Alleghany, Pa., May 24th, 1859 By J. R. W. SLOANE, Pastor of the Third Presbyterian Congregation in New York. Published by order of the Synod.

This discourse, by one of the ablest ministers of the Old School Covenanter Church, and one whose name is not new to our readers, we have read with deep interest. We may regard it, we presume, as at least a semi-official announcement of the views held by the Covenanters upon the topics discussed by the preacher. The scheme of theology which it presents is strictly Calvinistic, but Mr. Sloane is not of those with whom the "doctrines of the gospel" are only a set of abstract propositions, assent to which is the best evidence of Christian character, and who, under the cloak of "orthodoxy," stab Humanity to the heart. He deems it of the highest importance indeed to be "sound in the faith," but he does not, like so many other preachers, heterodox as well as orthodox, regard such soundness as compatible with either the defence of slavery or the failure to preach against it as a sin. On this subject we shall let Mr. Sloane speak for himself, as he most unmistakably does in the extracts which follow.

"Politics—politics and the pulpit; is there any connection or alliance between these? To this we must give a decided affirmative. The Bible is a great political work; it is given to man as a perfect rule of faith and manners; it deals largely with nations as such, and abounds in precepts for the regulation of national life and conduct. The function that deals with the Bible cannot be divorced from politics. If this blatant outcry against political preaching meant nothing more than that discussions upon the bank, tariff, internal improvements, &c., were unsuitable for the pulpit, and a profanation of sacred Sabbath time, few, we presume, would undertake to debate the point; although we might ask, where the necessity? By whom, when, and where, has the sacred desk been thus profaned? Only one such discourse, labelled a sermon, do we remember ever to have met—that delivered by a Unitarian upon a New Year's day.

"From whom do these fierce denunciations of political preaching issue? From the Buchanans, Toombses, Cbeates—men steeped to the lips in all the moral corruptions and profligacies of 'Old Hunker' politics; who wish to remain undisturbed in their iniquity, and cry out to a faithful ministry, as the men possessed with the devils to Christ, 'What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art thou come hither to torment us before the time?' From corrupt and time-serving ministers, men who are clear upon dancing, sitting in prayer, the use of tobacco, and other kindred evils; who pass acts of Assembly, write, print and circulate tracts by the thousand upon them; but the great and prolific parent of all sins, the 'sum of all villanies,' 'the most atrocious system,' to use the language of R. J. Breckenridge, 'upon which the sun ever shone,' must be passed in silence, unrebuked and uncondemned, and its open apologists and propagators welcomed to platform, pulpit and communion-table, as the most precious of God's saints and the very salt of the earth.

"From South-side Adamses, who esteem the interchange of slaves between the United States and Africa—that is, their introduction, through all the horrors of 'the middle passage,' by thousands, to the *Christian* influences of the rice and sugar plantations of the South, and their return, by that *amiable* and eminently *pious* institution, the Colonization Society, by tens, or perhaps hundreds, of the more aged and infirm of those 'held to service and labor,' or the more troublesome and dangerous of those who are so unfortunate as to own themselves—one of the grandest and noblest *missionary* ideas conceivable! From your Dr. Rices and Plummers—men who, taking their position upon the narrow *pou sto* of that arrant falsehood, 'that slavery is not a *'malum in se*,' are attempting to uphold a system destined, sooner or later, to fall beneath the judgments of an avenging God, and bury them, like the worshippers in Dagon's Temple, below the remembrance of an eye, beneath the contempt of men! Do not say that we single out these men for the purposes of abuse; we mention them because they are representative men, and in many respects the best of their class. Do you see that leader?' said the driver of a stage-coach in England to a gentleman who sat on the box at his side. 'Yes, sir; what of him?' was the reply. 'Well, when he comes to that gate, he always shies. I must give him something to think of'; and coming down with a sharp blow of the whip upon his flank, the spirited creature darts forward, forgetful of the object of his former alarm. These leaders must be made to feel that their fear of disastrous results to their particular eccle iastical organizations, should they prove true to themselves, to the oppressed victims of an outrageous tyranny, and to God, is wholly groundless, or, at all events, far from the greatest misfortune that might befall the cause of truth and righteousness. Ministers must make up their minds that political preaching will be peculiarly distasteful to such bearers as Pierce Butler, whose moral and spiritual sensibilities were outraged, crushed through, and in fact crushed, by the political preaching of Dudley Tyng, while owning, working, whipping, selling hundreds of human beings, created in the image of God, on the cotton and sugar plantations of Carolina and Georgia.

"When the celebrated Robert Hall was reproached with meddling in politics, he replied, 'The plain state of the case is, the writer is offended, not at my meddling with politics, but that I have meddled *on the wrong side!*'

"Political preaching, in this land, technically means rebuking great national and political sins. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* This kind of preaching is not only legitimate, but the very kind which, in this age—when national iniquity is coming in like a flood—is especially demanded; against unjust and agressive wars, intemperance, Sabbath violation, slavery, and kindred evils, let the artillery of God's Word be directed from the forty thousand pulpits of this land, and they will fall at once like lightning from heaven, sink like lead beneath the tide of public scorn, and their place be found no more at all. Against these enormous evils the pulpit is bound to protest, and every one into whose hand is put the hammer of God's Word must deal such blows upon them as the measure of his strength will admit; so corrupt, however, are all the political parties of the day that no minister can advocate the claims of any one of them without being guilty of a monstrous perversion of his office; to descend into the arena of their strifes is merely to soil our sacred garments, without a rational hope of effecting any beneficial result whatever."

"True courage, it is unnecessary to say, does not consist in denouncing sin in the abstract, or evils which exist in other communities and other ecclesiastical organizations, but in meeting it face to face, and in carrying on the conflict with it as it exists in all forms of individual and organic wickedness around us.

"We have enough who are the champions of battles long ago fought and won, who are bold and defiant, so long as the opposition is an 'airy nothing without a local habitation or a name,' but who have no relish for a hand to hand encounter with those great organized systems of oppression and iniquity that are opposed to the kingdom of the Redeemer in the present—in these cases prefer the *mild* and the *persuasive*, and consider it altogether better that Christianity should not come in contact with existing institutions.

"Had the Church of past ages been of this mind, no martyr's blood would ever have been shed, the sacrifice of so many noble lives of apostles and their successors would have been avoided, and untold sufferings escaped—pity that the Church has learned this wisdom so lately! If we are to accept such views now, we must reverse our former opinions, the past and present admiration which the world entertains for the martyr spirit is a pernicious sympathy for bigoted and misguided zeal, and those heroic deaths, from which even unbelief does not withhold the tribute of its praise, but little better than suicide!

"Men may plume themselves upon their superior wisdom in shunning all the great moral conflicts of the age; but whether they will have equal cause to congratulate themselves when they appear to receive the crown of a faithful and valiant soldier of the truth and cause of Christ, is a point upon which we may be permitted to entertain at least a doubt."

If the American Churches had all taken and consistently maintained this attitude, slavery would long since have perished out of the land. That they do not take it is proof conclusive that they are not Christian, but infidel!

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. VII. Edward—Faeroe. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume contains more than thirteen hundred articles, biographical, historical, literary, scientific, etc., and among them we notice many in which not a few of our readers will be likely to feel a special interest. In the department of Biography, we find the following, among many other names:

Jonathan Edwards,	Eliza W. Farnham,
Earl of Eldon,	Guy Fawkes,
John Eliot,	William Pitt Fessenden,
Charles W. Elliott,	Charles G. Finney,
Queen Elizabeth,	John Fitch,
Lord Ellenborough,	Timothy Flint,
Ebenezer Elliott,	Charles Follen,
Oliver Ellsworth,	Eliza Lee Follen,
Thomas Ellwood,	Henry S. Foote,
George B. Emerson,	John Foster,
Ralph Waldo Emerson,	Charles Fourier,
Robert Emmet,	Orson S. Fowler,
Nathaniel Emmons, D.D.,	Lorenzo N. Fowler,
John Endicott,	George Fox,
Jeremiah Evarts,	Benjamin Franklin,
Alexander H. Everett,	Sir John Franklin,
Edward Everett,	John C. Fremont,
Thomas Ewing,	Elizabeth Fry,
Peter Faneuil,	Wm. H. Fry.

The biography of Jonathan Edwards, filling ten pages, was contributed by George Bancroft. It is an eloquent production, but eulogistic to a degree that seems to us hardly consistent with the impartiality that should characterize the Cyclopædia.

Among the numerous subjects treated in this volume, in which some of our readers, for one reason or another, may be supposed to feel a special interest, we cite the following.

Egypt,	Fillibuster,
Electricity,	France,
Electro-Magnetism,	Fresco Painting,
Electro-Metallurgy,	Friends (Quakers),
Emigration,	Language and Literature of
England,	England,
Engraving,	Ethiopian Language and
Ethiopia,	Literature,
Ethnology,	French Language and Lite-
Europe,	rature.
Feudal System,	

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL is an illustrated quarterly periodical which we take pleasure in commending to our readers. The subscription price is $2 per annum, but by paying $3 the subscriber becomes a member of the Cosmopolitan Art Association for one year, and will not only be entitled to the *Art Journal*, but to an elegant engraving, and to various other advantages set forth in the prospectus of the Association. Published at 548 Broadway.

TWENTY-FOURTH

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR,

AND

NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the City of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our Bazaar will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active co-operation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S. HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH K. GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON, 1860.

In a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous cooperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous cooperation.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH P. REMOND,	ELIZA ANDREW,

MARY E. STEARNS.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

PERSONAL.

W. H. Burleigh, of this city, announces that he is in the field as a Lyceum lecturer, with several prose lectures and poems.

"Grace Greenwood," of Philadelphia, has prepared several interesting lectures, and is prepared to attend to calls from literary associations during the coming lecture season.

Millard Fillmore, the man whose Presidential signature completed the enactment of the Fugitive Slave law, being in Boston the other day, visited the Republican House of Representatives. The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says: "Emboldened by the fact that the statue of the defender of the Fugitive Slave law has been placed in the State House grounds, he probably thought that the presence of the man who gave it life by his signature would be acceptable."

The Cleveland *Leader* says, since the release of the Rev. J. W. Fitch from the Cuyahoga Jail, where he was long unjustly and cruelly imprisoned by the Jeffreys Government Pursuers under the infamous Fugitive Slave act, the mothers of the Oberlin Sabbath School children have presented Mrs. Fitch—the noble-wife who shared with her husband much of the imprisonment—with a beautiful sewing machine, in testimony of service rendered by Mr. F. as Superintendent of the Sabbath School during the last sixteen years.

Fourteen years ago, Bishop Onderdonk, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, was suspended from his episcopal and ministerial functions, for immoral conduct. The Diocesan Convention, at its recent meeting, after an exciting debate, passed a resolution (by a very large majority) declaring that the remission of the sentence of the suspended Bishop would be acceptable to them if accompanied by certain restrictions as to the subsequent exercise of his episcopal functions. The question must now be decided by the House of Bishops, at its next meeting in Richmond, Va., upon the petition of the suspended Bishop himself, who, in a touching letter to his brethren, "begs the mercy of a removal of his sentence."

R. E. Apthorp, Esq., writing to us from Montreux, Switzerland, Sept. 10th, says: "Many of your readers will be interested to hear of the improved and regularly improving health of Theodore Parker. He has just returned to Lake Leman, after a week's journey in the Bernese Oberland, and confessed to me yesterday that, for the first time since his serious attack in Boston, he feels as if he should 'get at work again' (such was his phraseology). He has gained flesh, strength, appetite and spirits, and looks, to the keen eyes of affection, as if, by the force of a good constitution and a gigantic *will*, he may yet march again in the front ranks of reform. God grant it."

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

WE ask the particular attention of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to the following new series of tracts, just issued by the AMERICAN and MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES. They afford an excellent opportunity and means of aiding the cause, and of disseminating its great truths and principles. A little money expended in them may be made to accomplish a great good. These tracts may all be had at the following low prices: by the *hundred*, $2; *dozen*, 30 cts.; *single*, 3 cts. Apply at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 21 Cornhill, Boston, and 138 Nassau street, New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF SLAVES AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. Reported for *The Tribune*.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, before the Committee on Federal Relations, of the Massachusetts Legislature, in behalf of the Petition for a Law against Slave-hunting.

NO FETTERS IN THE BAY STATE. Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, on the same occasion.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—"No Slave-hunting in the Old Bay State."

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY BLEBY, Missionary to Barbadoes, on the Results of Emancipation in the British West India Colonies.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. By C. K. W.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON. By C. K. W.

Summary.

Anthony Burns, of fugitive slave notoriety, having been called to the pastorate of a colored Baptist Church in Indianapolis, the Democrats threaten, if he comes, to enforce the infamous "black law" upon him.

The Hon. W. B. Reed made a speech at Philadelphia the other night, and said that "the Fremont folly of 1856 will be nothing to the fierce fanaticism of 1860." He is strong for saving the Union by harmonizing the Democratic party.

The Atlantic Monthly will probably be sold in closing up the business of the bankrupt publishers, Phillips, Sampson & Co.; and it is reported that a company of its leading contributors, including James Russell Lowell and Prof. Longfellow, is being formed for its purchase and ownership.

Elijah Bowen, the reverend horse-thief, who for the last half-century has furnished matter for newspaper talk and comment, died at Frederick, Md., on Sunday week. He had been confined in half the prisons in Pennsylvania—Lancaster County included—and finally died in one at the age of seventy.

COX, Samuel S., the gallinaceous Congressman from the Columbus district, has been down to Zanesville giving the Baptists of that city a severe lecture for cutting off his worthy father, the deacon, because he aided in the return of a fugitive slave. He says if that church goes to Heaven, the place would be distasteful to the whole race of Cox. "Ma conscience!"

Mrs. E. J. Tracy, writing to *The Memphis Appeal* from Holly Springs, Miss., having seen some negroes going to meeting on Sunday, says, "As with the rapidity of thought I glance from such a scene to benighted Africa, sunk in moral degradation, over whose millions of human souls the darkness of heathenism folds her sombre wings in rayless night, my heart swells with gratitude to the Great Father of all for the institution of American slavery."

Memphis is boasting of a prodigy, a negro boy, 9 years of age, born at Hickman, Ky., and now the slave of R. B. Bone of Favette County, Tenn. At his birth he weighed 16 pounds, now 310 pounds, and his height 5 feet 6 inches; he measures 10 inches around the smallest part of the wrist, 24 inches around the arm above the elbow, and 64 inches around the shoulders. He is able to carry on his shoulders, with ease, 300 pounds dead weight, and raise from the earth, with scarcely an effort, 400 pounds.

THE LECTURE SEASON AND SYSTEM.—A very significant fact was mentioned recently in *The Republican*, in connection with a notice of a list of two hundred lecturers in the *New York Tribune*. It was, that of the whole list, sixty-five are now residents of the little State of Massachusetts. We have do doubt that, if the list were still further examined, it would be found that of the remaining one hundred and thirty-five, thirty-five, at least, were born and bred in Massachusetts, so that one-half of the list, chosen from the whole Union, are Massachusetts men.—*Springfield Republican.*

SALE OF A COLORED MAN.—We noticed the other day the fraud of a vender of hay in Boston by placing a quantity of stones in a false bottom under his cart. It appears that sometimes a colored man in his employ was substituted for the stones, and has thus been sold several times over. The question among the purchasers now is to whom he belongs. There is probably no precedent in Massachusetts law to decide the point, and recourse must be had to that of Alabama and Mississippi.

A correspondent of *The Tribune* writes as follows, respecting Mr. Isaac Bell, whose recent conduct, as a member of the Board of Supervisors of this city, has excited public disgust, if not astonishment:

"You seemed to be somewhat troubled at the course of Isaac Bell, one of the Supervisors. You would not think so strange of it, perhaps, if you knew he was the owner of a plantation and one hundred and fifty negroes in Alabama."

The Washington correspondent of *The Philadelphia Press* says of the Hon. Jeff. Davis that "magnanimity is a part of his character; and some of his enemies in the South are in the habit of saying 'If Jefferson Davis were elected President, he would behave to the South as Seward is charged with being willing to behave to the North'; that is, he would be a good deal more liberal to the Northern people than to his own, because he could take liberties with the latter, just as Seward would, if he were elected, proceed to convince the Southern men that he was a better national man than any other man, and felicitate himself upon the fact that the North, however angry it might be, would never be willing to support him or any man a second time."

THE PREDICTION OF A BUFFALONIAN.—The Buffalo *Republic* indulges itself in the following:

"We predict that in less than ten years a steamboat will be constructed to run on our lakes which will be longer than the *Great Eastern*, and capable of carrying three thousand passengers and three thousand tons freight, and that she will make over thirty miles an hour, and be capable of running in winter as well as summer. If our prediction should be verified, this city will command a position, commercially speaking, in importance second only in the United States. The proposition is a monstrous and startling one, but we conscientiously believe that the man is now living who will demonstrate to the world that our prediction is true."

ICE-WATER.—It is only when we are deprived of it that we appreciate the blessing of ice-water, which is now one of the cheapest of our luxuries. Mr. Hillard, in one of his letters to the Boston *Courier*, writes what many an American traveller has experienced:

"The water in London is detestable; when you drink it, you are reminded of a weak solution of Epsom salts, and when you wash in it, of the sand in which the Arabs, when in the desert, are allowed to perform their ablutions. Among the English are a nation of beer drinkers is perfectly intelligible to any one who comes to England. How my soul has panted here for the ice-waters of home, and how my ear has languished for the musical rattle of the melting crystal against the sides of the pitcher—a sound sweeter in a hot day than harp or dulcimer."

TOBACCO-GROWING.—If there is any dirtier work than raising tobacco, except chewing it, we should like to know it. A gum issues from green tobacco that covers everything that it comes in contact with. It is sometimes a practice among tobacco growers to put on a shirt outside of their clothes, and wear it without washing all through the season. At the end of the tobacco year, if indeed it lasts so long, it goes into paper rags, but usually long before that it loses its original color. We met, recently, a troop of men, fresh from the tobacco field, that in any other portion of the world than this would pass for Hottentots. They looked as if they had always burrowed in the ground, and in hands and face, as well as dress, were the color of woodchucks.—*Springfield (Mass.) Repub.*

GEN. JACKSON A SCHOOLMASTER.—Who would have thought it? It is nevertheless true that Old Hickory began his career as a teacher of an "Old Field School" in South Carolina, and in that vocation earned the money which supported him while he studied law. This is one among many curious and unexpected facts presented in Mr. Parton's forthcoming life of Gen. Jackson, the first volume of which is now in the hands of the printer. Many eminent Americans have begun life as teachers, but we hardly expected to find the indomitable hero of New Orleans added to the list.

A WAR OF RACES.—*The Mountain Messenger*, of California, gives an account of a "war of the races" in its vicinity—Jamaica *vs.* American negroes. The following is the *verbatim* and *literatim* of a challenge which had been sent and accepted:

"PORT WINE, august 13th.

Sar: I understand dat you hab made de unfortenate asburshun dat you could whip any American nigger. Now, sar, I am a Kentucky nigger, and kin clean out all English niggers, you in partikular. Chose your time and place, sar—de sooner and more convenient de better. I will figit either a stand up or a rough and tumble fight. BRYANT YOUNG.

JOHN STEPHENS, La Porte."

The fight was to be conducted under the rules of the English ring—and was to come off at La Porte on Monday morning, August 19th, at 7 o'clock.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.—Senator Hale of New Hampshire made a speech at St. Paul on the 21st ult. The eloquent but eccentric Tom Marshall of Kentucky was present. The "Longfaces" insisted that he should follow Mr. Hale. They would not hear his excuses. Coming from a slave State, they were sure that he would talk right, and they literally forced him upon the stand. But lo! his speech was on the side of Freedom! He denounced the compromise breakers, and lashed Douglas as with scorpions. Finding they had caught a tartar, the Democrats tried to stop him. But having begun against his will, he would not stop till he got ready, and for an hour he poured the hot lava of his eloquence upon the sham Democracy, to their mortification and to the delight of the Republicans who heard him.

"SPEED THE PIRATES!"—Under this caption, *The Mississippian*, the leading organ of the Democracy of Mississippi, copies an article which states that several cargoes of Africans have been landed in the South, and adds:

"May prosperous gales speed the honest 'pirates' in their noble mission to augment the supply of Southern labor, and to obey the injunction to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. The wants of the Southern people and the requirements of commerce call loudly for more and cheaper negroes, and, thanks to the adventurous slave-traders, they are coming."

If chattel slavery is right, the slave trade is right, and *vice versa.—Practical Christian.*

A Life of James Wilson, the eminent Scotch naturalist, has been written by his friend, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, and is republished in this country. In a letter to one of his lady friends, written near the close of his life, he says of Mrs Stowe:

"I have just received a note from his grace of Argyll, wishing me to be with him this evening. He is a great admirer of Mrs. Stowe, and, in reply to some remarks of mine, says, 'as to Mrs. Stowe, nothing will spoil her, I feel sure.' Good Mrs. Harriet! she was almost worried to death in Edinburgh, and must have thought us rather a ruffianly set of philanthropists. For myself, I am too old now to become a philanthropist, and I have a great aversion to crowds; moreover, I set such great store by the feminine part of the female character that I am slow to see the use or propriety of any woman appearing upon a public platform, unless, as in the case of the late Mrs. Manning, she is going to be hanged. It then becomes unavoidable."

MISSOURI WHITENING OUT.—Free labor is rapidly drowning slave labor out of Missouri. A St. Louis paper of the 16th ult. says one hundred and fifty negroes arrived there from the interior, bound South, and upwards of one hundred are leaving daily. The Lexington *Express*, of Missouri, states that there is scarcely a county in that part of the State but what has its slave buyers for the South, and that the adult slave population is rapidly decreasing.

The St. Louis *Democrat* says that every boat brings groups of slaves down the river from the interior, on the way to the South. A gentleman residing at St. Joseph tells us that within three months half the slaves in that town and vicinity have disappeared—some across the river on their own account, and the rest down stream at the *instance* of their owners. If the present exodus continues, there will not be a thousand slaves left in the State of Missouri in four years from this time.

PERMANENT INVESTMENTS.—The following methods of investment are "open" to whoever has the money and the will:

Investing in champagne at $2 a bottle—an acre of good government land costs $1 25.

Investing in tobacco and cigars, daily, one year, $50—seven barrels of good flour will cost $49.

Investing in "drinks," one year, $100—which will pay for ten duellies and fifteen monthlies.

Investing in theatrical amusements one year, $200—$200 will purchase an excellent library.

Investing in a fast horse, $500—400 acres of good wild land costs $500.

Investing in a yacht, including bettings and drinkings for the season, $5,000—$5,000 will buy a good improved country farm.—*Practical Christian.*

A DECIDED CHARACTER.—Miss Lucy Stewart, of South Scituate Mass., recently died at the great age of 96 years. The following account is given of her strange personal history.

Her father was a white man—a sea captain—and her mother a full-blooded Indian. She was brought up in one of the first families in the town of Scituate, and had until within a year or two lived in the family down to the fifth generation. Within that time she has been unable to support herself and became an inmate of the almshouse. She was a woman of good manners and possessed a great deal of pride. She was much averse to going to the almshouse, and until the day of her death was in the habit of dressing herself in a very gay style. She requested, just before she died, to be laid out in her bright pink dress, and to have on her lace turban, which was decked very gayly with feathers and showy ribbons, and her 'kerchief round her neck. She also wished her coffin lined with flowers. She also requested to be buried in the burial ground with and near the family she had lived with most of her days. She wished to be carried to the Methodist church and have the Episcopal minister attend her funeral. She requested the minister to state (which he did) that she had never been out of the limits of the town, and had never entered a church until she was carried in for burial.

SERMONS.—One of the signs of these times is the publication of sermons in the newspapers. The *Republican* was one of the first journals to do something at it; but the spiritual papers of Boston and New York introduced the feature regularly to journalism by publishing weekly the sermons of Beecher and Chapin, and the New York *Independent*, perceiving the demand for that sort of reading, has commenced the publication of reports of Beecher's sermons, revised by himself. Volumes of sermons are now printed with profit to the publishers, which was not the case half a dozen years ago. The change is partly due to the religious revivals of the last two or three years, and partly to the change going on in the style of sermons. The sermons preached by the popular ministers of this day differ widely from the sermons to which the preceding generation listened. They are more free, embrace a wider range of topics, and are not cast in the traditional mould. The popular sermon of to-day would have been almost a sacrilege to the pulpit of half a century ago. It is a great extension of the power of the pulpit when the sermon that is heard by some two thousand hearers in New York or Brooklyn, on Sunday, is, during the week, read by fifty or a hundred thousand people all over the country.—*Springfield Republican.*

[There is no new demand for sermons *as such*, but only for the utterances of a few live men, who happen to stand in pulpits and are known to discuss practical questions in an earnest way. For sermons in general, which are as destitute of vitalizing sap as so many piles of old corn-husks, there is no demand whatever.]

NO BLACK BISHOPS.—A correspondent of the *Episcopal Recorder* writes that the suggestion in the *Times* in favor of making Mr. Crowther Bishop of Sierra Leone has been definitely rejected. The writer says: "The Church Missionary Society has examined it fully, and made a report last week through Mr. Venn. They take ground against the policy of consecrating black bishops for an Anglican Colonial Church. They say that they see no objection to transmitting the episcopate entire, when the time arrives, to an independent African Church. But they urge that while the Church remains colonial, it is better that its chief minister should be a white of Anglican descent. They add that they have consulted in this the colonial clergymen of Sierra Leone, and that they agree in the report. I cannot but think that this takes from our English brethren a good part of the edge of the weapons they have so often used against us. Beyond this position our Church certainly has never gone; and in the ordination of priests, all her sections have testified their catholicity of feeling in the ordination by common consent of natives of China and West Africa."

QUITE NATURAL.—J. H. Melton, who shot P. O. Simms, clerk at the Ballard House, in Richmond, Va., lately, is said to be a native of North Carolina, but has resided in Louisiana for several years past. He first served as overseer for a gentleman in that State, and resided with him until his death. He then managed for his former employer's widow, at a large salary, and now owns a small plantation, adjoining the widow lady's residence, in Richmond Parish, La. He is said to be worth about $8,000 or $10,000, and came to Virginia for the purpose of purchasing negroes. At the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, Melton was so troublesome that the proprietors were forced to order him away. Before leaving, he became involved in a difficulty with a gentlemen from South Carolina. He went into the bar and asked the Carolinian

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SOLFERINO.

BY INGOLDSBY NORTH.

A Battle lost and won—'tis nothing more.
Thousands of men lay dead and bleeding, but what then?
The story's old; has oft been told before;
And, while ambition lasts, will be again.

Tears from the eyes of thousands drop like rain—
Few see them—even the wounded hare will hide
Itself, while slowly ebbs away the tide
Of its short life—the hunter feels no pain.

It is but one of that gay glittering host
Of whom a mother, bent with grief, now speaks.
How wonderful that love, which suffers most,
Yet bears the most, until the worn heart breaks!

"They have told me all. Gently they spoke at first,
Lest, in the anguish of my sudden grief,
This mother's heart of mine would surely burst—
The pang was terrible; thank God, 'twas brief.

"Oh cruel, cruel men! He was so strong,
So full of happiness and lusty life!—
The ball alone was merciful in that long strife—
It reached his heart—he could not suffer long.

* * * * * * *

"No Picciola o'er his prison flower
Waited for leaf and bud as I did wait,
Watching and hoping, looking every hour
For budding beauties—oh, my wretched fate!

"No miser o'er his treasure ever hung
As I hung o'er him in his baby sleep,
His little arms across the coverlet flung,
While I for happiness could only weep;

"Weep, as I sought out every growing trace
Of his dead father's look upon his face—
Dreams like soft breezes rustling o'er him while
His rosy lips were rippling to a smile.

* * * * * * *

"Poor Marie! Him she loved—the lily bends
Beneath the storm, but lif's its lips again
All pale and trembling to the kiss God sends
Of golden sunshine—will she love again?

"I do not know; but, if she does, my heart
Will cast her out forever—and yet why
Such words from me? She wept when they did part,
But *could not* love the boy so well as I.

* * * * * * *

"I must, I will be patient. Tears may rise,
But none shall see them even dim my eyes;
His comrades all shall see I think with pride
Of my poor boy, who, while *they* came back—died.

"I'll even smile to think a thousand eyes
Of starry flowers may spring around his bed;
A thousand fragrant odors o'er him rise;
From morn to eve birds warble o'er his head.

"I'll often think how glorious and how grand
His dreams of rescue for a fallen land—
I do not unders and these things; I only know
He spoke of Freedom, and I bade him go.

"I'll hang his sword upon my chamber wall;
I'll keep his medal resting next my heart;
And wait and pray for that glad trumpet call
That shall unite us, never more to part.

"A few short years of silent grief for me;
They may have been long years of care for him—
Keep down, sad heart of mine; be quiet, lest
I should forget perhaps 'twas for the best."

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. X.

The next morning Madge met her father at the breakfast-table, with her usual cheerful and affectionate manner. Her mother, who was a careless observer, noticed no change; but Col. Vertner, to whom that young face was a familiarly studied book, fancied there was a shade of determination unusual to it. He sought to divert the conversation into the most pleasant channel.

"And so, my dear, Helen Mason consents to join our party for the Cave."

"Yes, sir." Madge played with the spoon of her coffee cup.

"I can't say," said Mrs. Vertner, "that I am glad to have that girl with us. She is so gloomy and disagreeable."

"Not disagreeable, mamma. I know that she is gloomy, but then she can be very agreeable, and I don't think her gloominess is so very unpleasant. She always seems so good and sensible."

"What do you mean by good and sensible, Madge?" asked her father.

"Why, what Helen Mason is."

"And what is my little Madge?"

"I suppose, papa, you would call me independent and wilful."

"Or wild and boyish," added her mother. "I tell you, Madge, we must take you to New Orleans next winter, and see if a few months of town life will not polish you a little."

"I shall die if you take me to town, mamma; 'tis no use for you to expect to make a fine lady of me. I can't be that; the very attempt at anything so false would take the life out of *me*."

"Madge, why are you so determined and wilful? You know nothing of the pleasures of the city, and yet persist in saying you will not go? How do you know but you may be charmed?"

"At any rate, mamma, don't let us talk of it now. Wait till winter comes—time enough then to arrange. *Now* I feel as if I should like to have a swift gallop through the woods." And pulling the bell, she ordered her poney, and then went to her room to get ready for the ride.

"Only see," said Col. Vertner, pointing to Madge's plate, "the child has eaten nothing; her breakfast is left positively untouched."

"I can do nothing with her, she is so wild and freakish. I am sure, Col. Vertner, I don't know where the girl got *such* a disposition."

"I am sure neither can I say, my love. She is an independent little elf, as uncivilized as a bird or a squirrel; yet, for the life of me, I can't say that I would have her otherwise. She is so natural."

"What nonsense, Col. Vertner, for you to talk! Why, if you wished to keep her in an entirely natural state, did you send her to school at all, or have her taught anything?"

"Well, my dear, so far as school goes, I think she has had very little of it. All the teachers we have ever employed have given out that she had very little faculty for the acquisition of knowledge; and yet they loved her dearly, and admitted the singular readiness of her mind for the reception of thoughts, though unmindful of mere technicalities. One insensibly acknowledges a power in the child; though what it is I am puzzled to say. Her's is a character which, perhaps, takes precedence of especial talent. Sometimes I think she has not been properly taught. I mean that her attention has not been rightly directed to studies. You know when Miss Pauline took her out botanizing in the woods, she learned the analysis of plants and flowers with wonderful facility, and seemed fond of the science. So it was when Mrs. Poe took her out of evenings and pointed out the stars, planets and constellations; she became greatly interested; but a lesson learned from a book and recited from memory seems to disgust her."

"I am sure she could never be taught to play a tune on the piano."

"And yet I heard her, the other day, singing a wild air in the woods, which charmed me more than any music I ever heard at the opera. It was as clear, twittering and melodious as that of any bird."

"Yet, if you seat her at the piano, and ask her for the simplest tune, her fingers blunder over the keys, and she makes a fearful discord."

"I admit that; but she is, I repeat, a child of nature, and requires the woods-life setting to be seen to advantage."

"Something must be done for her. I can't consent to have her brought up in this half-heathenish manner."

While the father and mother discussed the child's faults and virtues over their toast and coffee, Madge, habited in her riding-suit, was walking through the quarter, with her long train caught up and thrown over her arm.

In some way the negroes had heard of the capture of the fugitives. Perhaps Daniel had reported the news to them. Gliding about the dining-room and through the house, he had, no doubt, heard of it from the family talks. Madge observed the negroes, grouped about in little squads, talking—such of them, viz., as, from age or household occupation, were not engaged upon the out-door work. She stood at a little distance from them, and earnestly contemplated the group. She was very quiet, and her eyes were earnest and thoughtful, more so than usual. She stood but for a moment, then, without speaking to any one, turned and left the quarter. She entered the house, passed through the front hall, and out at the front door, where she found Pomp holding her poney by the rein.

Patting Silk on the neck, with a caressing word, she was soon in the saddle, and, with a "Good-bye, Pomp," she fled along the wood-path swiftly as the wind. Silk seemed possessed of his mistress's spirit.

"Now, jist look dar at Miss Madge, Rove; you kan't keep up 'long her an' Silk. They jist shoots 'long like flyin' birds." But no sooner was Rover loosened from the kennel than he rushed after and soon overtook Madge.

In about an hour afterwards, Col. Vertner came out, and, mounting his horse, rode toward the town.

And now let us look into the jail, upon our humble friends, Jack and Milly. They are in a low, dirty room, with iron-grated windows, the narrow bars of which are half-curtained by dust and cobweb. The floor is strewn with dust, dirt and rubbish, while rats and mice are scampering to and fro. In the darkest corner, as if shrinking away from the partial gleam of daylight which stole through the begrimed and grated window, are Jack and Milly. It is a deplorable sight—the fallen aspect and hopeless, dejected manner of that poor black man. His heavy-featured face looks heavier than usual, for the little animation which naturally belongs to it has gone out with the loss of hope; and there he sits, in that dirty jail corner, still and silent, hugging to his heart his despair and anguish, seemingly unconscious and heedless of his wife's reproaches.

"Now, you jist see, Jack, I tole you so. I tole you we would be cotched an' brung back, an' den sold down de river. I wish you had done as I said, an' not brung all dis trouble 'pon us. Master will never forgive us—he'll jist sell us right 'way on the spot, I know he will. O Lord, O Lord, 'pears as if trouble will never end. I wishes I had never listened to you. I wishes I hadn't gone. We had a good enuff home, an' now de Lord only knows whar we'll be sole to. We'll go down the river, I am sure, an' be sole apart, too. O Lord, Jack, I does wish I had never seen you. You hain't done nothin' but bring trouble onto me since I knowed yer."

In this manner Milly rattled on, reproaching and quarrelling with Jack. Not that she blamed him especially for their present luckless situation, or that she felt unkindly toward him, but because, in the brokenness of her grief, words, and words of severe blame to another, afforded a sort of bitter relief. But Jack sat still and motionless; no word or groan escaped him, and his face appeared rigidly unconscious of what was going on. Only once did he betray sign or symptom of emotion, and that was when Milly, in the highest transport of her furious grief, cried out,

"Why don't you speak to me, Jack? What makes yer set dar like yer was wood, an' won't be a comfortin' me, when I'm takin' on so? Yer knows 'twas you dat brought dis on me, an' now you sulks dar as if yer warn't to blame! Do pray talk 'long me, or I'll go smack crazy."

Then, making an effort, he turned toward her; the rough purple lips seemed to move, but no sound followed The hard, black hands began to fumble and feel about the floor upon the space which separated him from her; but the motion was feeble, the bleak, staring cold eyes looked toward her, while a film of mist overspread them. There was a moment's pause—he gave a faint cry, and fell forward on his face upon the floor.

"My God! my God!" screamed out Milly, as she reached forward and lifted him in her arms, as though he had been a babe; "oh, good Lord, Jack, what's the matter? Yer ain't gwine to die right here, afore my eyes! O Lord, forgive me for all dem ugly, mean things I said."

Just then the heavy grated door swung back on its rusty hinges, and the coarse jailer, with more than his wonted politeness, ushered in Madge Vertner.

Milly was bending over her husband, too much absorbed in his condition to notice the entrance of the visitor; and Madge walked up close to her, and even spoke, before the poor creature became conscious of her presence.

"Why, Milly, what's the matter?"

With a bewildered and affrighted expression, the woman glanced up to her young mistress, stared at her for a few seconds, then hid her face in her hands. But Jack seemed roused, as if by magic. In common with all Col. Vertner's slaves, he had shared in the general love for Miss Madge. Her walks through the quarter and occasional kind words to him had always been gleams of sunshine in his life of bondage; and now her cheering presence and clear voice half brought back the life to his heart. He looked up with a reassured countenance, for he hoped she was the bearer of good news. Madge Vertner marked the change in the negro's face and read its meaning. Her heart almost failed her at the instant, as she remembered her father's determined words and tone; but, never having been thwarted in her life, she could not easily despond. So, with a gay and half railing tone, she said,

"So, Jack, you and Milly have been running off?"

The slaves did not reply, but hung their heads in apparent shame. Madge turned to the jailer and asked,

"Can I have a chair?"

"Certainly, marm."

Quickly the jailer withdrew, and soon returned with a chair, cushioned and covered with calico (no doubt the best one his house afforde).

"I am sorry, miss, to have a lady like you sit in such a lookin' place as this. Hold up your ridin' dress, if you please—it's all in the dirt; an' them rats and mice keep runnin' round; I'm 'fraid they'll git on yer feet."

Madge took the chair without any further notice of the man than a smile and a nod.

When he had withdrawn, she again began conversation with the negroes.

"What made you run off?"

Jack did not answer, but Milly began in a beseeching tone:

"Oh, laws, Miss Madge, we's sorry enuff fur it. De devil got inter my poor Jack's head, an' 'suaded him to run off; but he's sorry enuff 'bout it now. If master 'll only let us off now, we'll be better sarvants 'an we's ever bin; an' 'pears to me as I've got enuff freedom—'tain't what its tole us."

Madge was silent, but sat tapping her foot with her riding-whip. Milly went on—

"Now, Miss Madge, if you'd only j'st be good enuff to beg for us with master, an' ask him not to sell us down the river! Oh, Miss Madge, I'd never forgit you if you'd do it."

Jack had resumed his stolid expression—no word escaped him.

"But, Milly," said Madge, "how can you think papa will forgive you? It was very ungrateful in you and Jack to do so. You had a good home. Papa is very angry with you, and you know he has good cause for it. How many masters do you suppose would forgive servants such offences?"

"I know," said Milly, in a self-depreciating tone, "that we have bin very bad an' don't deserve anything from master; but I thought, Miss Madge, if you'd only speak a word fur us."

"But he is determined not to let you come back to the place."

"Then may be he'd hire us out to some of the neighbors, whar we would be close by home, and if not together, at least nigh enuff to see one another some, Saturday evenin's."

"No, Milly, I don't think he will consent to do that."

"Oh!"—the woman's words broke hoarsely from her throat—"oh, Miss Madge, is he 'termined to sell us?"

"Yes, Milly."

"An' down river?"

"To a trader."

"O Lord! O Lord!" She locked her fingers over her knees and rocked her body back and forth in the very sickness of grief.

Madge's eyes were moist, but she did not wipe them, nor permit the tears to fall, but sat quietly tapping her foot with her whip.

At length, with a strong effort, Jack ventured to speak.

"As for me, Miss Madge, 'tain't no difference what 'comes of me; but Milly 'pears to take on so dat, if you pleases, I'd like you to ask master to take her back; an' den, if he's a mind to, he may sell me to de trader. I'se willin' to go anywhar, down de river as well as not; all places is all de same to a slave, only I jist hopes I'll be sole to a hard, tight place next time."

"Why, do you want to go to a hard place out of repentance for having run off?"

The negro shook his head, and smiled broad enough to display a solid, unbroken row of firm white teeth, as he replied:

"You see, Miss Madge, if a nigger has a good home an' some holiday, he naterally begins to think; an' sure as he thinks, 'tis allers of his freedom; an' dat don't 'pear to be right fur a slave. You see, in dem long winter nights, when I made baskets by fire-light, I began to think to myself that 'twas no how right fur me to be workin' all de time fur somebody else; an' as I set thar workin' an' thinkin' side o' the fire, a light broke out over my mind, jist as clar as day light, that I had no right to be givin' all de strength thar was in my marrow-bones to any man—even if he was white. It seem to me as how God made me to own myself; an', Miss Madge, when dis yer took holt on my mind, it jist fastened itself thar as fast as a snake. I couldn't git rid of it; it stuck by me day an' night. Then I didn't kere to eat or to sleep; I jist thought on it. Well, then I had to tell Milly 'bout it, an' she didn't seem to feel it so much; but she was willin' to go 'long with me, though, to be sure, when we laid out o' nights in the woods, wet with rain and nothin' to eat, poor critter, she would wish herself back to the place an' say I had brought her off fur no good. I never thought to be took an' brought back alive, but some how things didn't work right, an' here I is in the jail."

"Don't you see, Jack, that God wouldn't help you off?"

"Oh, no, young miss. Who put dem thoughts in my head 'bout freedom but de Lord? No, it wasn't, I s'pose, de right time, but I does know an' feel dat de Lord loves freedom."

"Hush now, Jack, don't be a-talkin' that ar' way any more, but jist ask pardon fur what you's done," said Milly.

Again Jack's white teeth shone out in a furtive smile, and he shook his head, muttering words which were not audible.

"But, Miss Madge," he continued, "if I might ask a favor, 'tis dat you'll git Milly back home. 'Twas no fault of hern—let me answer fur it—'twas me who 'suaded her off."

"No, no, Jack. I ain't gwine home widout you; 'twould be worse 'an down de river. Oh! de sight of our cabin widout you would kill me." And Milly crept a little closer to his side, and laid her hard, rough, withered, black hand upon his arm, with something of the dog's show of fidelity.

Madge, though silent, was not unimpressed by the scene. Large, bead-like tears hung on her eye lashes, and the quick beating of her heart was almost as audible as the whip-tap upon her boot toe.

The silence was at length broken by the jailer's opening the door and admitting Col. Vertner, Tom Hynes, and a flashily-dressed man, whom we suppose to be a wholesale dealer in human flesh and black skins.

LINES FOR A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

The Persian to his altars bore
Sweet blossoms fresh with morning dew,
And veiled the old false worship o'er
With beauty borrowed from the true;

Around Palæmon's flowery shrine
Their maze of grace the maidens wound,
And wove the wreaths of Ishmian pine
Wherewith the victors' brows were crowned;

And we to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessing of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain;

With manhood's strength and maiden's glance,
To lend our Christian holiday
The beauty of the Persian dance,
The vigor of the Grecian play;

To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit and flower and golden corn.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told;

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among the garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her forehead gay with autumn leaves!

Oh, favors old, yet ever new!
Oh, blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous hand of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold!

And by these altars, wreathed with flowers
And filled with fruits, awake again
Thank-giving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

—*National Era.* J. G. W.

A LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF REAL LIFE.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

I have by me much of my mother's early correspondence; many letters addressed to her when quite a girl; letters filled not with common-place trifling, but with thoughts and things worth preserving. Among these are some written by a lady of whose peculiarly interesting history I have often heard my beloved parent speak, and which I shall relate as given me by her.

The ancient town of D——, one of the Cinque Ports of England, celebrated for its old castle and for those towering cliffs with which the name of Shakspeare has, through a passage in King Lear, become identified, is in the south-eastern part of the island. Here lived one whose life, in its very opening, had, as we should perhaps say, been blighted. Engaged, in the bloom of youth, to a man of fine talents and pure morals, with the approval of friends and the fresh full love of a first betrothal, she had, within a few weeks of her intended nuptials, been suddenly stricken down by a mysterious paralytic affection, from apparently perfect health, to be, life-long, a bed-ridden and suffering invalid. All power in the lower extremities being annihilated, she lay, from about her twenty-fifth year, prostrate on her couch, never more to arise from it. Her nervous system was liable to sudden and singular spasmodic attacks upon the least unusual physical or mental stimulus; and thus a condition of perfect quiet seemed almost essential to her very existence. Shattered, however, as was its earthly environment, "strong through the ruins rose the mind"; seemingly purer and more elevated for passing through a furnace of peculiar intensity. In her isolation from the world, she was not called upon to endure that deeper isolation which must have fallen upon her had he to whom her truth had been pledged broken his, and held himself henceforth free of the tie that bound them to each other. The partner of his *home* she could not be; the partner of his *heart*, in all its joys and griefs, she still remained. He was a physician, his residence being in the city of C——, about twenty miles from D——; and in those days facilities of conveyance were few and slow. Yet once in two weeks his visits to her were unfailingly made, and their intervals brightened by frequent and animated correspondence. His portrait hung ever at the foot of her bed, veiled by a little green curtain, to be drawn aside only in the hours most sacred to thoughtfulness and love—and to a few chosen friends sometimes unveiled. And when some amiable stranger, whose nature seemed sufficiently in affinity with her own to draw forth her confidence, entered Miss R——'s room, she would gently say, "Have you ever seen my C——?" and then the little picture was for a few moments unveiled.

The cultivated, the excellent, came around her; strangers were attracted to her room by the beautiful spirituality and gentle, submissive piety of its inhabitant. Gifts were continually brought her, of such character as her pure and refined taste most delighted in. The earliest spring blossoms filled her flower vases; the choicest seaweeds from her native beach replenished her little basket; delicate materials for the various little works of art in which she delighted and excelled were sent to her; new volumes of elegant literature were ever lying on her table. When not engaged with her beloved books, her busy fingers were employed either in tracing, in letters to her friends, her own happy thoughts, or in keeping in exquisite order her own wardrobe and that of other members of her family, or in executing some little decorative work of fancy, as an offering to a friend.

At this period, my mother, then a girl of eighteen, on a visit to D——, was introduced to Miss R——'s room, and, having herself a mind capable of appreciating the beautiful and good, was soon won toward her, as was Miss R——, in return, toward my mother. And on the return of the latter to her own home began that correspondence of which I have spoken, in which both my mother and my mother's mother bore a part.

Not long after, a lady, who had wealth and benevolence, became earnestly interested in the subject of my little story. She saw that the ceaseless bustle of D——, a garrisoned town, constantly the seat of military parades and martial music, was painfully distressing to the nervous system of the interesting sufferer, whose father, being established in a pro-perous business there, was not able to leave it for another vicinity. This lady, Mrs. B——, proposed to build and furnish, a few miles out of town, such a residence as should ensure complete seclusion from every external excitement. Physicians pronounced the experiment a hazardous one; but added, if the fatigue of a removal could be sustained by the patient, such a change would secure to her thereafter a probable melioration of the more painful paroxysms of her disease. The offer was made, and accepted; the cottage was built, and fitted up with every little refinement that a delicately cultivated taste could suggest. Hither Miss R—— was carried, accompanied by one favorite sister, younger than herself, who had long made her her own especial charge; and though for a season her frail tabernacle was shaken almost to its foundation by the requisite effort, yet, under the tender care of affection, she soon regained her ordinary condition. The noble friend settled on her an income adequate to her support, and presented to her the cottage as her own. There she passed her remaining years, living in this spot from middle life till seventy-eight years of age. And he, whose tenderly unselfish attachment deepened, not weakened, in proportion as it became to her her sweetest earthly dependence, loved on, and loved forever. For more than *forty years* their beautiful intercourse was prolonged on earth, till, at the age of three score and ten, he preceded his beloved to the spirit-land. Some years after his death, thus wrote to me an aunt of mine across the broad Atlantic:

"I have entered the fairy cottage; it is fitted up in exquisite taste, expressly for dear A—— R——'s habitation, and is exactly one of those sweet romantic cottages which one reads of, but seldom sees. Jessamine and roses cover the front, and other sweets abound; all was well adapted to suit her pure and elegant taste, and the interior equally so. When she converses, still blest with all her faculties clear and strong as ever, her countenance has all the expression of youth, after having kept her bed between fifty and sixty years. So it is the *soul* illuminates the face!"

There are those on the other side of the wide ocean whose eyes, chanced they to light on this little narrative, would perhaps moisten as they recognized the life-picture thus simply and slightly sketched, and which has been given as an introduction to a few extracts from the many beautiful letters lying in my drawer, that appeared to me worthy of meeting other eyes than mine. Her epistles contain frequent and discriminating allusions to the literature of the day; but I have preferred selecting passages which most particularly shadow forth some of the beautiful traits of her own affectionate, refined and devotional nature.

From a letter to my mother (then Miss W——).

"It is only when my friends are ill that I feel the misfortune of wanting health. When they are well, my animated delight and gratitude to Providence give me the most pure gratification; and I have sometimes thought, that to be in health myself, and see them so, were happiness too perfect for this probationary state. The infinite wisdom and mercy of Providence are conspicuous in His gracious support of me, and surely, my love, I must be the most senseless and ungrateful of beings were I to be a murmurer, when the loss of one blessing is so amply compensated by the possession of many others. All the endearing comforts of the social and friendly affections are mine in their highest degree. Oh, yes! and though my feeble person is confined to one little space, my active mind is free, looks out and tastes happiness unbounded by space, and over which neither time nor death can have power. It is not only for their present happiness that I view with such exquisite delight the excellencies of my friends; my mind builds on the blissful hope of renewing with them in a future state the most durable, perfect and pure attachment; where, with enlarged minds and perfected hearts, sorrow and pain can never come."

To the same.

"It is true I have a taste for little elegancies, which, if not inconsistent with my duty, I should oftener indulge, by rendering more perfect these little works of fancy; but I never feel concern at this, because, while checking such improper wishes, affection and gratitude often give a play to my little abilities, and invention is exercised. When I cannot write, I may be busied; and thus, with innocence and pleasure, pass hours, which, but for such resources, perhaps, had been tedious and dull."

To the same.

"My darling E—— and myself are making a collection of marine plants, from which we find much amusement. Our shores and rocks produce great variety, and some of them are beautifully minute in their fibres, others of a charming color. They require much time, care and patience to preserve to advantage, but, when completed, give ample recompense in the entertainment they present to a curious observer. I am myself fond to enthusiasm of the wonders of nature; and, were my ability equal to my wish, and could I indulge such a wish without breach of any important duty, would have a charming collection not only of marine plants, but also of the fields and gardens. Beholding the wonders of nature, we are led to contemplate the attributes of God."

To the same.

"The friends I love are preferred for their worth, without reference to such accidental advantage or misfortune as distinction of rank. Once having adopted them, I cannot easily alter my opinion, and do not drop the society of a friend without having the misfortune to believe that friend very unworthy."

To the same.

"There are in the world beings of that superficial way of thinking as to judge only from appearances. To such, the mind replete with principle, and glowing with infelt rectitude, is no object for contemplation; but if the being possessing it happen to have any little traits of eccentricity, *they* will be seized on, as the foundation of just and unpleasing remark. Now, though nothing in the world is more true than the maxim, that 'the opinions of *wise* men are the *true* measures of glory,' yet, to a mind of sensibility, much real pain is sometimes conveyed by the little taunts and jests of such trivial characters. Therefore I would have my dear ——, as I would have all other good young people, accustom herself to adapt her mind to general customs and manners, so far as they tend not to undermine the principles of religion and morality, or those thousand little points of delicacy which a good and virtuous mother is constantly inculcating on her daughters."

To the same.

"Nothing, my dear ——, can be more delightful to me than what you say of my beloved friend, Mrs. ——. I love the praises of my friends; *that* is a music most cordial to my *heart*, and not distressing to my *nerves*. You can now judge of my happiness in calling such beings friends, and will be charmed by the elegant simplicity of their unaffected manners, and the superior worth of their excellent minds. She will love you, dear, with affection as pure as mine; but from her you may very justly hope to find much more pleasure than I can offer you. She is much more happily gifted than I am, and I can equal her only in the fervent sincerity of my wishes. But you will easily comprehend that I feel a glowing pleasure in making this acknowledgment. When I think of the excellencies of my friends, I can only look up and breathe a sigh of grateful thanks to my God, for thus having blessed *me* in *them*."

From a letter to my grandmother, Mrs. W——.

"I cannot tell you, my beloved friend, how much your kind congratulations on my abated sufferings gratified me. To possess the esteem and good wishes of the worthy is the first of human pleasures—a pleasure for which my heart has panted ever since it felt the power of reason and the love of virtue. To those who know not the temper of my mind, it might seem very strange that I should confess a grateful pleasure in the continuance of life, conscious as I am that its prolongation must be marked by the increase of personal infirmity; but to the being whose mind expands to the social affections, to the pure joys of religion, it will not seem surprising. Convinced of the wisdom and mercy of the Creator, how is it possible I should feel inclined to murmur at His decrees? That Power which created me what I am, shall He not best judge of the part I am able to sustain? Painful though it seem, I feel assured of His protecting care and tender mercy, and submit in humble confidence to His disposal. It is true, when I think myself on the verge of the grave, I hail the hour with a sentiment of joy which proves I am not insensible to the misfortunes which have occurred to me in this life; but when, contrary to my expectation, I again find myself a sojourner in this scene of care, I cannot but hope there will arise future bliss from present trial. I strive to live to the use and comfort of those friends whose tenderness makes up the dearest and most delightful source of my happiness; and when I behold the care-worn countenance of a dear and venerable mother brighten into joy, as she blesses God for my continuance with her—when I feel the pressure of my darling sister's lips, as she paints to me the joy of her innocent heart, so tenderly attached to me—and when, in the language dictated by the heart of the most constant and virtuous of friends, my C——, I trace the gratitude and happiness *he* experiences in my returning life—what unutterable emotion fills my mind! how grateful I feel for such blessings, how ardently I long to deserve them, no power of language can paint."

I prolong no farther these little extracts; but will simply add that, a few years since, there came to me, from a relative in England, a newspaper, in which the death of her who had been the friend of my mother and of my mother's mother was thus simply announced: "Died, May 10, at B—— Cottage, near B——, Kent, Miss A—— R——, whose exemplary patience and cheerfulness under suffering had endeared her to a large circle of friends, aged seventy-eight."

Thus, after a short parting, were she and her best loved friend eternally united in a world which itself could hardly heighten the elevated purity and constancy of their earthly love. Her nurse and sister, her "darling E——," followed her in a year or two. Those to whom her letters were addressed have all passed away; and the heart that *dictated* and the hearts that *welcomed* them have now, doubtless, to use her own words, "renewed, in a higher state, the most durable, perfect and pure attachment."

Salem, N. J., September, 1859. A. W. M.

A DINNER FOR THE POOR.

William Fox, of Nottingham, was a member of the Society of Friends, and he was one of the true old school of Friends. His sympathy for the poor was deeply excited by serving in the office of overseer, and, seeing how poor some were who had to pay the poor-rates, he resolved to economize the parish funds, and thus prevent their miseries as much as possible. It was the custom then in many parishes for the overseers and the committee who attended the weekly payments of the paupers to have a good dinner at the close of their day's labor, and this was paid for out of the poor-rates; but as it was a manifest abuse, he determined to put an end to the practice. He, therefore, hastened away before the close of the weekly payment to the dining-room, and thus addressed the master of the workhouse: "Is the dinner ready?" "Yes, sir." "Then bring it in." "Are the gentlemen ready, sir?" "Never mind the gentlemen; I say bring it in." And this was done. "Now, call all the poor people, sir, now call the poor people. Dost thou not hear what I say, sir?" "This dinner is for the gentlemen." "For the gentlemen; oh! who pays for it then, do the gentlemen?" The workhouse master, staring most amazingly, said, "Why, no, sir, I reckon not; it's paid for out of the poor-rates." "Out of the poor-rates; to be sure it is, thou art right. The rates are for the poor men, and not for the gentlemen. Poor-rates, eh! I think we have no gentleman's rates, so fetch in the poor at once and look quick."

The workhouse master went, and William Fox went too to see that he did as he was ordered, and not to give the alarm to the gentlemen, and in a few seconds was hurried in a whole host of hungry paupers who had not for years set eyes on such a feast as that. They did not wait for a second invitation to place themselves at table, and William Fox bade them help themselves, and at once there was a scene of activity that for the time it lasted justified the name of the house. It was a workhouse, indeed. William Fox all the time stood cutting and carving and handing good pieces of pudding and meat to such as could not get seats; in a few minutes there was a thorough clearance of the table. Scarcely had William Fox dismissed his delighted company when another company presented themselves, and these were the gentlemen, who stood in amazement. "Why," exclaimed they, "what is this, why is the table in this state, where is the dinner?" "I found a very good dinner ready, and as I know that none but the poor had a right to dine out of the parish funds, I have served it out to the poor accordingly; but if any of you is in want of a dinner, he may come home with me and I will give him one." The gentlemen knew well the character they had to deal with, and never attempted to renew the practice of dining at the public charge during William Fox's year of office.—*English Paper.*

AT RICHMOND.

At Richmond, in the month of May,
I climed the city's lofty crest;
Below, the level landscape lay,
And proudly streamed, from east to west,
The glories of the dawning day.

There stand the statues Crawford gave
His Country, while, with bleeding heart,
She showered upon his open grave
The laurels of victorious Art,
And wept the life she could not save.

How grandly, on that granite base,
The youthful hero sits sublime;
The Leader of the chosen Race,
The noblest of the sons of Time,
With all his future in his face.

And he who framed the matchless plan
For Freedom and his Fatherland,
Type of the just, sagacious Man,
Like Aristides, calm and grand,
Within the Roman Vatican.

Nor less he wears the patriot wreath,
The foremost of the three, who stands
As when, with his prophetic breath,
And flashing eyes, and outstretched hands,
He cried for 'Liberty or Death!"

Here surely it is good to be—
Where Freedom's native soil I tread,
And, on the mount, transfigured see
The Fathers, with whose fame we wed
The endless blessings of the free.

But when the summit's ample crown
Flamed with the morning's fiercer heat,
I turned, and slowly passing down,
With curious gaze, from street to street,
Went wandering through the busy town,

And lingered, where I chanced to hear
The voices of a crowd which hung,
With laugh and oath and empty jeer,
Beside a door o'er which was swung
The red flag of the auctioneer.

In truth, it was a motley crew;
The brutal trader, sly and keen,
The planter with his sunburnt hue,
The idle townsman, and between,
With face unwashed, the foreign Jew.

Within, O God of grace! what sight
Was this for eyes which scarce had turned
From yonder monumental height,
For thoughts upon whose altars burned
The fires just kindled in its light!

So when the rapt disciples came
From Tabor on that blessed morn,
What chilled so soon their hearts of flame?
The fierce demoniac, wild and torn,
The cry of human guilt and shame.

For here were men, young men and old,
Scarred with hot iron and the lash;
And women, crushed with griefs untold;
And little children, cheap for cash;
All waiting, waiting—to be sold!

For me, each hourly good I crave
Comes at the bidding of my will;
For them, the shadows of the grave
Have gathered, or the woes that fill
The life-long bondage of the slave.

Too long my thoughts were schooled to see
Some pretext for such fatal thrall;
Now Reason spurns each narrow plea,
One thrill of manhood cancels all,
One throb of pity sets me free.

Virginia! shall the Great and Just,
Like sentries, guard the slaver's den?
O rise, and from your borders thrust
This thrice-accursed trade in men,
Or hurl your heroes to the dust!

—*Independent.* William Allen Butler.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

From a letter of Horace Greeley to The Tribune.

The general impression seems to be that the Calaveras trees are the larger and finer; but Mr. Wheeler, having just visited each, was very decided in his preference for those of Mariposas, and I understand all his associates to concur in that verdict. They found the Calaveras trees in far better condition, in the charge of a keeper, and approached by a road over which a light carriage may readily be driven up to the very trees themselves. These are no light advantages, but they assured us, on the other hand, that the Mariposas trees are considerably more numerous (some 250 to 300), and really larger and finer specimens of their kind. Mr. Wheeler found, by careful measurement, the diameter of one of these trees 100 feet above the ground to be twenty feet, while its first limb, which put off at that height, had a diameter of six feet. Just think of a twig six feet through at that elevation! He obtained these results by measuring the tree's shadow, which I need hardly remark was probably narrower than the tree itself. He had several tape-line measurements of Mariposas trees over one hundred feet in circumference; but one of the Calaveras trees is claimed to be, I think, nearly one-fourth larger than this. No matter—those of either county are big enough.

We went up to the Mariposas trees early next morning. The trail crosses a meadow of most luxuriant wild grass, then strikes eastward up the hills, and rises almost steadily, but in the main not steeply, for five miles, when it enters and ends in a slight depression or valley, nearly on the top of this particular mountain, where the Big Trees have been quietly nestled for I dare not say how many thousand years. That they were of very substantial size when David danced before the Ark, when Solomon laid the foundations of the Temple, when Theseus ruled in Athens, when Æneas fled from the burning wreck of vanquished Troy, when Sesostris led his victorious Egyptians into the heart of Asia, I have no manner of doubt.

The Big Trees, of course, do not stand alone. I apprehend that they could not so stand at present, in view of the very moderate depth at which they are anchored to the earth. Had they stood on an unsheltered mountain-top, or even an exposed hill-side, they would doubtless have been prostrated—as I presume thousands like them *were* prostrated, by the hurricanes of centuries before Christ's Advent. But the locality of these, though probably 2,500 feet above the South Merced, and some 4,500 above the sea, is sheltered and tranquil, though several of these trees have manifestly fallen within the present century. Unquestionably, they are past their prime, though to none more than to them is applicable the complimentary characterization of "a green old age."

Let me try to give as clear an idea of these forest mastodons as I can, though I know that will be but a poor one.

In measuring trees, it is so easy to exaggerate by running your line around the roots rather than the real body that I place little dependence on the reported and recorded measurements of parties under no obligations to preserve a judicial impartiality. But I believe a fair measurement of the largest trees standing in this grove would make them not less than one hundred feet in circumference, and over thirty in diameter, at a height of six feet from their respective bases, and that several of them have an altitude of more than three hundred feet. I believe the one that was last uprooted measures a little over three hundred.

But these relics of a more bounteous and magnificent world seem destined to speedy extinction. I deem them generally enfeebled by age and the racking and wrenching of their roots by the blasts that sweep through their tops. These malign influences they might withstand for ages, however, were it not for the damage they have already sustained, and are in danger of hereafter sustaining, through the devastating agency of fire. For these glorious evergreen forests, though the ground beneath them is but thinly covered with inflammable matter, are yet subject to be overrun every second or third year by fire. For the earth, to a depth of several feet, even, is dry as an ash-heap, from July to October, and the hills are so steep that fire ascends them with wonderful facility. And thus the Big Trees are scarred, and gouged, and hollowed out at the root and upward, as the effects of successive fires, one of which, originating far southward, ran through this locality so late as last autumn, burning one of the forest kings so that it has fallen, half destroying another already prostrate, through the hollow of which two horsemen (not G. P. R. James's, I trust) were accustomed to ride abreast for a distance of fully one hundred feet, and doing serious damage to very many others. If the village of Mariposas, the county, or the State of California, does not immediately provide for the safety of these trees, I shall deeply deplore the infatuation, and believe that these giants might have been more happily located.

The Big Trees are usually accounted redwood, but have strong resemblance to the cedar family, so that my intelligent guide plausibly insisted that they are identical in species with their probable cotemporaries, the famous cedars of Lebanon. The larger cedars in their vicinity bear a decided resemblance to the smallest of them; and yet there are quite obvious differences between them. The cedar's limbs are by far the more numerous, and come far down the trunk;